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RITA MARTIN

COUNTESS NADA TORBY.

74 Rakur Street W



THE Journal for all interested in Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE CHARM OF GARDENING

every week it holds a discussion at which it has been able to get some of the most prominent and eloquent men of the day to speak. Last week the subject chosen was one that is of the very essence of country life, namely, gardening; and it would have been difficult to find anyone to describe its charm more felicitously than was done by Sir Charles Holroyd. Those benighted few who affect not to care for the art that was introduced by the father of the human race make a great deal of the difficulties and disappointments and worries entailed by it. Sir Charles Holroyd did not ignore these, and they were humorously dealt with by Canon Anthony Dean, the chairman of the meeting, and Mr. Charles Garvice. Canon Dean, with playful exaggeration, described gardening as a most grim and brutal war. He pictured himself taking all possible pains with his plants, and then slugs come and eat them; rain falls in torrents at the wrong time; and when moisture is wanted a long drought sets in. Blight and disease lurk like things of evil to ruin his best designs. Nevertheless, taken with all its disadvantages, gardening is of all arts the most delightful, as it is certainly the most healthy. Incidentally, Sir Charles Holroyd made reference

to the abundant signs of its increasing popularity during these days.

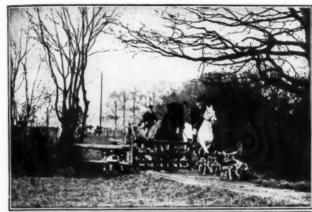
He told of the garden in the country, of the little town garden where there was scarcely room enough to swing a cat, of the suburban garden, of the cottage swing a cat, of the suburban garden, of the cottage garden, and of the attempts which man instinctively makes to grow flowers wherever a bit of ground is available. In well chosen words he told what were his own conceptions of an ideal garden. First and foremost he placed its geographical situation—it must be near home. We are all at one with him when he said he would not give a fig for a garden across the road. The ideal garden must be entered by a door from your favourite room; for it is the consolation of unhappy hours, the added joy of those that are unusually bright, and you should be able to stroll of the very essence of the contract. Then, in dulcet tones, he sang the praise of green as a colour—most of all the green "There was no colour like the green of grass, grass. unless it be the dark green of yew hedges and trees, for rest-ing the eyes." So convinced is he of this that in the dark green of the garden he has found the best background for pictures, those "flowers of human make." Next he placed shade; for if you have not that, then a garden is barred to your enjoyment at the very time when it is most beautiful, and the shade he preferred was a green shade, the best of all being under beechen boughs. Few who have had the pleasure of living with great beeches in their grounds will fail to give a hearty assent to this proposition. The beech is a tree exquisite at every time of the year-when its tender leaves are just bursting forth, as they will be doing in the course of a few weeks; when in full foliage it raises vast domes and cathedral aisles above the visitor; in winter, when the bare, ruined quires rise from the midst of red leaves and red earth. Then he would have warm sunny places, sun-traps, in fact, in which, sheltered from the cold north and the blighting east wind, one could enjoy the sunshine even on wintry days or on those days of early spring which are almost more trying. Lastly, he said, there must be flowers "of what colour it pleased God, and indeed, very often there was very little choice for the gardener." As Canon Deane had previously pointed out in his piquant address, you may plan for the most delightful tones and harmonies and find either that they do not come at all or that those which arrive are altogether different from what had been pictured by the imagination.

Sir Charles skilfully avoided the controversial points between the different schools of gardening. Whatever may be our individual preference for formal as against informal planting, for wild woods or for a set land-scape, we all unite in the enjoyment of plenty of green in the garden, plenty of sheltered sun-traps, and plenty of shade from the summer's scorching heat, and plenty of flowers. These ought to belong to every garden. But underneath his light and pleasant talk lurked a sound taste that showed itself in an aversion for the affectations of the garden. Sir Charles Holroyd does not care for crooked paths, and we feel sure that crazy flagging would not appeal to him. Simple lines that do not weary, plain, simple colours, and a planting and arrangement which are adapted to the natural character of the ground, are principles that emerged very plainly from his address. He told an excellent story of a little man who had been a professional gardener, and who had a little garden at the back of his cottage. "There be my praties," he said, "there be my cabbages, there my early peas in a long row sheltered by the hedge, and there my main crop and spinnage between." Yet the visitor saw nothing but bare earth well trenched, only the potatoes were up growing and green in the eye of the artist's imagination. And so the speaker ended in a tone that was almost lyrical: "There was really no winter in a garden. Leaves were budding in November, bulbs were bursting at Christmas, and snowdrops were with them before February."

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

THE subject of our frontispiece this week is Countess Nada Torby, the younger daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby.

^{*.*} It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of Country Life be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY · NOTES ·

VERY practical and useful step has been taken by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries with regard to the Wart Disease of Potatoes Order of 1914. This is to issue a list of potatoes suitable for planting in infected areas. It will be remembered that it is now illegal to plant any potatoes in infected areas unless a licence has previously been obtained from an inspector of the Board or the Local Authority. These licences can be obtained by anyone who applies to the Board and undertakes to use one or more of the varieties of potato given in the list. All of them have been tested, some for a number of years, and have been found to resist wart disease under ordinary circumstances. If an occupier should be unable to find a dealer who can supply him with the varieties recommended, the Board will on application send a list of dealers who have undertaken to stock these potatoes, with a statement as to the varieties which each is able to offer. No fewer than twenty-two varieties are mentioned in the list, so that there should not really be much difficulty in obtaining them.

Commercial gardening may now be said to have passed to a new stage in its development. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has issued the first Report of its Horticultural This is a sign of its great development in recent years, in which ordinary gardening plays a comparatively minor part. The great feature of recent horticultural development has been the growth of immense nurseries which hold leading positions in the trade of this country. The commercial cultivation of hardy fruit and vegetables in the field and under glass has also attained gigantic proportions, and it is mainly the increase of these huge interests which has called for the greater attention now being given to horticulture by the Board. British nurserymen and workers under glass are not excelled in skill by those of any country in the world; but among some of them there is still a considerable amount of ignorance in regard to the diseases which so often interfere with their success. They do not readily recognise the fungus or germ which is doing the mischief, and the Horticultural Branch is endeavouring to remedy this defect. The bulk of the Report deals with the insect and fungus pests which have been scheduled under the Board's orders, and the information given in regard to them is such as to be of the utmost practical value.

An arrangement has just been made by the German Postal Department which is well worthy of consideration by our own Government. In future Letters of Credit for tourists are to be issued which can be drawn upon at any of the offices within the Empire. It would certainly be a very great convenience in this country, where the art of cheap touring has been brought to a high degree of perfection. Many of those who go abroad every summer must possess books at the Post Office Savings Bank. Indeed, it was the success of the Post Office Banking Department which induced our German neighbours to try this experiment. It has now over eighty-seven thousand customers to whose credit last month there was over £10,000,000. In the same month nearly £2,000,000 passed through their accounts. The only

objection to this is likely to come from the Joint Stock Banks. They will not view with equanimity the taking up of their business by a Government department which already has an office or a sub-office in every town and village of the Kingdom.

There is little to add to the brief but succinct and sufficient biographical note on the lamentable death of Major Barrett-Hamilton in our "Wild Country Life" section of the paper. He was despatched some months ago on a mission to enquire into the excessive destruction of whales in the Southern Atlantic round South Georgia and the South Shetlands. As it happens, Mr. Shipley has gone very fully into this matter in two articles, one of which is published to-day. The second, which will appear next week, deals with the Southern Atlantic round South Georgia, the very district in which Major Barrett-Hamilton's work was to be done. Mr. Shipley shows not only that there is a large increase in the whaling industry, but that the implements used are far more deadly and certain than those of the early whalers. In the article a very complete survey is made by the Master of Christ's of the subject of which Major Barrett-Hamilton was sent out by the Colonial Office to investigate.

To many generations of Etonians the news that Mr. Craddock has retired may mean nothing but the fact that "Little Man" will no more be seen in the shop that is now Spottiswoode, was once Ingalton Drake's and before that Williams', will mean a great deal. Mr. Craddock has been at Eton for forty-three years, and no man has better earned peace and quiet or has retired with more heartfelt good wishes for his enjoyment of it. During all those years he has dispensed the various and mysterious forms of Eton paper, broad-rule, derivation, history paper and the rest, to more or less tiresome boys, dealing it out, as the Eton College Chronicle well described it, "with patient eagerness, seasoned with a little humorous asperity towards the unreasonable." It is a striking testimony to his character that on a copy of elegiacs being set to the boys in Remove on "Little Man's" departure, one of the versifyers imagined that the hero whom he was celebrating was Napoleon. He certainly possessed Napoleonic qualities in dealing with difficult situations, but they were always reinforced by a delightful kindliness and humour, and these will leave memories more lasting than those of many men larger but not greater.

DAWN OVER THE SEA.

Like Venus rising radiant from the sea,
Dawn comes enshrined in cloudy mystery.
Flinging her opal veils o'er the lashing waves,
She steals a rosy veil from the sun
Of the finest gossamer sunrays spun,
And thus adorned the waking world enslaves.

DRUSILLA MARY CHILD.

Stewed eels and eel pie were once esteemed dainties by English people; but nowadays they tend to disappear from the table. They have become almost as scarce as rook pie. In Germany this change of taste has not become apparent. The German loves eels and cannot have too many of them. A few years ago, that is to say, in 1909, the experiment was tried of transferring some twenty thousand English elvers from the Severn to an East Prussian lake called the Paprotker See. These have thriven amazingly, as was proved when some were caught and examined at the Hamburg Fishery Biological Laboratory. Fifty-eight altogether were examined, three only being males. These were from seventeen to eighteen and a half inches in length, while the females were from eighteen to twenty-five and a quarter inches, and the average weight was nine ounces. At the same age eels from the Lower Elbe measured on an average only ten and a quarter inches. The lake in which the English eels were placed was thoroughly well supplied with food, and the experiment seems to show that there is a great commercial future for the business of feeding English eels in Prussian lakes to sell as articles of diet.

There is no more interesting and melancholy remnant of antiquity standing on the East Coast than the church ruins at Dunwich. They stand there as though awaiting that fate from the ravening sea which has already befallen what were once the goodly buildings of a noble town. The past of Dunwich has been brought vividly before us recently by the

publication of the seventh volume of the Historical Manuscripts Commissions Report. This volume contains the old Dunwich registers, beginning in 1595. They were preserved "in a massive, curiously painted iron chest, of which the ponderous lid, when let down, automatically closes the four bolts of a lock, of which the key can only be turned with the help of an iron bar." These records carry us back to a time when laws, manners and customs were very different to what they are now. At the end of the sixteenth century four fishermen were punished for carrying on their trade on Sunday "contrary to the laws of God and of this realm."

We are helped to understand the immense church accommodation of ancient East Anglia by the regulation which compelled every householder to send some member of his family to church twice on week-days at the bidding of the bell of St. Peter's Church, which was rung at four and eight. Bell and church are now submerged. In the early years of the seventeenth century the erosion of the coast seems to have been going on as much as it is now. In 1604 an appeal was made to all the parish churches of England "for making a haven." Five years later "it pleased God by force of the water to take from the town the way at the south end leading to the seaside, so as the King and the inhabitants and others can have no passage "; and in 1615 the "chennell is soe decayed that noe passage can almoeste be had." These were days when "rogues," "wenches" and "wandringe people" were publicly whipped. We hope one day to make a study of the names that occur in these records, for evidently many of the Suffolk and Norfolk surnames have existed for centuries.

A correspondent from Worcestershire has sent to us a very interesting letter à propos of last week's leader. We were particularly interested in the story of an old man, now in receipt of an Old Age Pension, who says he envies the labourer of the present day with his "tied house," as he can go home for a hot breakfast and dinner. In the olden days (he talks of fifty years ago) he says no cottages were let with the farms, the result being that men commonly walked three or four miles to their work and brought what food they could. Of course, this is practically the condition of things to which we are reverting. As Mr. Jesse Collings points out in the new book which is reviewed in another part of the paper, the cottage question would be brought very near to a solution if every estate were fitted with adequate accommodation for the labourers working on it; and if, in addition, local authorities and similar bodies built houses for their workmen, there would be no need for any further trouble. The congestion of the village is due, as Mr. Collings points out, to the houses being occupied by agricultural labourers who ought to be housed on the land instead of having, as is generally the case, to walk several miles to it.

Mr. A. J. Balfour has brought the first division of his Gifford Lectures to an end, and the concluding sentence was a declaration that a theistic belief is essential, and that "in whatever direction they looked, on whatever values they cast their eyes, if they wanted to retain those values, were it in the domain of beauty, or of morality, or of science, there was but one setting in which they would retain their values undiminished, and that setting was a belief in God." Those who did not follow the argument of the lectures with care will, nevertheless, be struck with this conclusion. We are often told that rich and poor alike are to-day nursed and educated in paganism; yet here is a leading statesman and one of the most thoughtful men of his time offering his testimony to the credibility and the necessity of our ancient beliefs.

. We may deem ourselves fortunate that customs have changed a little in respect to the keeping of the feast of St. Valentine. The presents that used to be expected by the fair lady to whom a gentleman chose to be "Valentine" were of considerable cost, to say nothing of the rather invidious character of such a choice. Pepys tells us of Mrs. Stewart, who was about the Court, that "the Duke of York being once her Valentine, did give her a jewell of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of £300." Of course, all Valentines were not expected to give presents on this courtly scale to their ladies. Sir W. Batten Pepys records, "sent my wife half a dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters, for her Valentines." Another year, on February 14th, he writes: "This morning come up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing

myself, little Will Mercer, to be her Valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we hadn't been Valentines." This last was evidently the most economical, if not the most romantic, choice.

While it is impossible to blame farmers in Devonshire for organising a day's slaughter of the wood-pigeons, it is impossible for a humane reader not to feel repelled in some degree at the accounts given of the slaughter. According to the estimate, from twenty to twenty-five thousand birds were killed in the course of the day, which certainly beats anything in the way of covert shooting we have ever heard of. The shooting earlier in the day was difficult and sporting in character, as the birds came over quick and high; but as dusk approached a kind of panic seems to have seized them. They lost the power of locating the guns and, according to the Special Correspondent of the Times, "they flew frantically from covert to covert, even from tree to tree, coming over the guns again and again in most reckless fashion, and an immense number were killed within relatively few minutes." The performance of this task was, no doubt, a necessary one in the interests of agriculture; but it is a kind of incident which we hope the descriptive reporter will not exercise his powers upon in the future. Killing wood-pigeons by the thousand is one of those disagreeable though necessary acts which should be done but not spoken about.

AVEBURY.

High on the windy Downs,
Blind to the stars and the sun,
Scarred with the frost and the rain—
Giants whose day is done;
Secret and strange they stand
In a world that knows them not,
For the lips that might speak are dust,
The men of their age forgot.
Only the skies are unchanged,
Only the untamed wind
Mourns round the ancient stones—
The grey ones, worn and blind.

Here from the pathless woods,
From the swamp and the marshy fen,
Climbed by forgotten ways
The strange forgotten men.
There were gods in the stones and trees
And the wind was the voice of a god,
Blown from the outer dark
With balm, or a chastening rod.
Fronting the awful dawn
They came to their mysteries.
Oh! that the stones might speak
The silent witnesses.

They are gone, they are past, they are fled Like the smoke of their altar fires, And the secret earth laps round Dead men and their dead desires. Only the skies are unchanged, Only the tameless wind Mourns round the grey old stones Fronting the stars all blind—Fretted by frost and rain Bleached by the summer suns, Mute and forlorn and old Oh! those forsaken ones!

DOROTHEA BIRCH.

The Chevalier Marconi is a genius who is always producing new surprises. The latest of his feats excels anything told in mediæval tales of wizardry. Indeed, it is very easy to imagine how in the Middle Ages the results he has obtained by science would have been set down to incantations and traffic with evil spirits. His latest announcement is that he can light a lamp by wireless power at a distance of six miles. The bulb of the lamp is attached with a wireless receiver connected in its turn with a receiving aerial wire. In the experiment a transmitter in space was used of roo h.p. As soon as the power was applied the lamp connected to the receiving aerial was lighted up and kept alight as long as the power was kept on.

THE GROWTH OF SPRING FLOWERS.

The present moment the photographs of spring flowers which we show with this article are invested with peculiar interest. Probably there is more than either legend or tradition in St. Valentine's Day. It marks the beginning of the time of the singing of birds, although they do not observe it with strict accuracy. They burst into splendid chorus a week before St. Valentine was due, and this after remaining more than usually quiet during the months of December and January. The human heart undoubtedly stirs in sympathy with bird and flower. Now, after weeks of dulness, the garden is beginning once more to exercise its fascination; spring flowers, wooed from their winter slumber by the sunshine of St. Valentine's month, have even in the least hospitable gardens begun to thrust their first green sheaths out of the soil. We

all watch the process with delight and curiosity, although to few is it given to exercise that closeness and patience of observation which have gone to the making of the photographs by Mr. Willis. It is a common saying of farmers and gardeners in certain weather that you can see things growing; but this is only a metaphoric method of praising the conditions. The human eye cannot discern ordinary plants growing. When, however, the camera is brought in as an auxiliary to sight it can, at least, measure the growth that is taking place. The photographer has succeeded in doing this with wonderful nicety. In a letter he tells us that his pictures were taken primarily in connection with investigations on the influence of various weather conditions on plant growth, and one can easily see how very useful they may be from that point of view. Only



Miss Garnett.

A BANK OF SNOWDROPS.

deed remark-

a sense the

photographs

of a winter rose—Christ-

mas rose, as it is usually

called - are

the most in-

teresting of all. The first of this series

was taken exactly a week before

the second;

yet there is scarcely any difference

between

them, the explanation being that the frost

greatly









roughly does the gardener estimate the effect of weather on his plants. He is aware that a cold east wind or a frozen on his plants. He is aware that a cold east wind or a frozen one from the north checks the growth of his plants and even makes them in some cases go back; but the exact extent of the check he cannot state. This is where the photographer comes in. Mr. Willis sends us these pictures as a record of "a very remarkable state of growth in spring vegetation during the present mild spell." It is common browledge, that everything has begun to correct in knowledge that everything has begun to sprout in

the garden during the course of the last fortnight or so; but quite apart from the peculiarities of the present season, the photographs are valuable showing the way in which the earliest of our spring flowers grow and unfold. The flowers he has chosen for his purpose are amiliars in every garden and none the







the snow has left, and it whitens the little woodland glades

flowering of a clump of snowdrops through a period of a week—
a long time in the history of this flower, and enough for
a wonderful transformation. Still more quickly does the
yellow crocus burst into bloom. In this case the photo-

readers will readily agree that the progress recorded is in-

graphs were taken at noon on successive days,

In this case the photographer has traced the growth and

as readily as it does the protected garden.

THE FLOWERING OF THE SNOWDROP. Showing in seven pictures a week's growth.

Copyright

The winter aconite

less popular because so common. less popular because so common. The winter aconite is one of the very earliest of our spring flowers; indeed, it might almost be called a winter flower, and nothing could be prettier than the photographic record of the blossom emerging from the soil. But the favourite flower in this season is undoubtedly the snowdrop. Its whiteness and a something of freshness and purity that it exhales beyond any other flower have indeed won for it the popular name of the "fair maid of February." It often comes before

J. H. Willis.

checked. it did not altogether arrest the development of the flower. The photographer very properly points out how aptly it illustrates the fact that vegetation re-mains almost stationary in very cold weather. All the remainder of this series were taken at intervals of twentyfour hours, except that a period of four days parted the last from the penultimate. This was done in order to show how the petals of a flower continue to grow even after the blossom is fully open. Not many people will









THESE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CROCUS WERE TAKEN AT NOON ON SUCCESSIVE DAYS.

watch and record the progress of their favourites so closely. To most of us it is enough to know that these beautiful heralds of the glorious pageant which culminates in summer are now making their appearance. The re-birth of the

as omens of good or ill import. My own experience at Norhamon-Tweed, during the closing days, left no doubt in my mind that the river was well stocked with fish. The run, I was informed on good authority, instead of falling off, seemed to be on the













increase right up to November 30th. Now, that in itself is a valuable asset in calculation enough to tempt one to the verge of prophetic rashness, particularly when it is added that the fish in question were for the most part fresh arrivals from the sea. On October 17th I caught a salmon (28lb.) and two grilse. All of them took the fly within a short distance of each other and in the same reach of water. These fish could not have been more than a few days in the river, as they were quite bright and hard fighters. On the 21st of the same month I caught another

se right up to November 30th.



Now, that in itself is a

another of 19lb. He had been a longer

longer resi-dent by some

days, but he was in excel-

ent condi-tion, and gave

me thirty minutes'play. Had these been old red fish full of

spawn, one might have

concluded that they

of the autumn run, but they were only a sample of were the tail

sample of quite a num-ber of salmon

other rods on

h v

taken

flower is one of those annual occurrences which custom cannot stale. To the true lover of Nature the surprise and delight at the coming again of those multi-coloured jewels are as spontaneous as they could have been in the days of child-hood. This pleasure is quite apart from the satisfaction of the gardener to whom the appearance of the spring flowers is a welcome proof that his labour was not in vain when, while the leaves of autumn still were falling, he placed the

bosom of their ancient Mother. slum-They bered during the dark days, and are now beginning to repeat the annual miracle of resurrection. All of us notice it with wonder, but comparatively would think of getting out their scale and com-

passes, so to speak, in order to measure the dimensions of the change and discover if possible what influences are found to hasten, what to retard it.





A CHRISTMAS ROSE. Copyright.

1. H. Willis. The first two photographs were taken at a week's interval, development being arrested by frost. The others at twentyfour hours' interim, save that four days parted the last but one from the last.

SALMON-FISHING: OPENING OF THE SEASON.

ROPHECY is always risky, and on no subject is it more necessary to observe a discreet silence than on that of salmon-angling. Most of the Scotch rivers open in February, varying from the 1st to the 11th, and as e, like the Tweed, have closed as recently as December 1st,

There were only a few red specimens caught during the week I was There were only a few red specimens caught during the week I was there. This run of fish has, no doubt, continued more or less during the close season, and will increase rather than diminish throughout the spring. If the matter were not complicated by the weather, it would be safe to say that the opening season would prove excellent on the celebrated Border river. Unfortunately, the Clerk of the Weather is no respecter of anglers, and has a way of pulverising their most cherished hopes. A heavy flood puts the Tweed out of order for a week, and a hard night's rain is quite sufficient to do the mischief. Snow is another disturbing element; a rise in the temperature sends the water pouring down the hillside and into the tributaries, which in turn leave many a favourite pool turgid and unfishable. which in turn leave many a favourite pool turgid and unfishable.









THE BIRTH OF THE ACONITE, SHOWING HOW IT EMERGES FROM THE SOIL.

Copyright.

the interval between closing and opening is so brief that it looks as if one could bridge it and forecast with tolerable accuracy the prospect on the opening days. There are certain facts in connection with a river which may be taken

So far adverse conditions have been absent, and there is every reason to expect that the first rods on the early rivers will soon be brought into play and many a fine fish receive his coup de grace. The success that attends the fisherman is too

often described as a matter of luck. That the fickle dame does smile on the wielder of the rod is beyond question, although he is by no means ignorant of her frown. But much that is regarded as fortuitous is the result of sound judgment and the application of the first principles of the angling art. A man who has fished a river for some years has learned many things. He knows the conditions in which trolling or spinning will be successful and when he ought to mount the fly. The varying aspects of the river have become a study. During a flood, success, if it comes at all, will be achieved through the judicious use of a spoon bait.

If the water is heavy and discoloured, there must be no

a spoon bait.

If the water is heavy and discoloured, there must be no nonsense about the size. It will have to be large and rich in silver and gold adornment. Many of the big fish that are captured in the early part of the season have fallen a victim to such baits, and would have survived the wiles of the angler had it not been for their attractions. It must be also borne in mind that only in deep pools and discoloured water is success attained in that way. In a less dense state minnows will be mounted, which have their own knack of distinguishing themselves when other devices fail. It may be laid down as a rule that large baits are as useless in light water as small ones are in a raging flood. It is in the exercise of sound judgment on such

nice points that makes the difference between the successful and unsuccessful angler. When to use the fly is another question that materially affects the weight of the creel. It is a mistake to suppose that it is only suitable in clear water. Apart from its relation to the most scientific branch of the angler's art, it is one of the best lures to use on the clearing of a spate, and while there is still a good deal of colour in the river. The fly gave me my best day on the Tweed quite recently. The water was falling after a freshet, and was by no means clear. In such circumstances salmon will often take up their position in the shallower parts of the pool, the density of which is sufficient to hide them from observation. The fly is then the most successful part of the angler's outfit. The one I used was zin. long, with a silver waistcoat, jacket of golden pheasant, crest and hues of "butter-fly"—a most insinuating and attractive creation. It proved itself to be a bonne-bouche for even a salmon, which is supposed to be devoid of all vulgar appetite during his sojourn in the river.

tiself to be a bonne-bouche for even a salmon, which is supposed to be devoid of all vulgar appetite during his sojourn in the river.

And the first great rush of the springer! What a challenge there is in it! What a resentment of the mysterious force that holds him in bondage! His angry rushes, his lordly springs, all comprise a battle tense with excitement, where hopes and fears alternate, and which terminates in loud rejoicings—or silent sorrowings of heart.

CORRIGEEN.

WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND.

CARNIVAL WEEK AT MORGINS-LES-BAINS.

HE institution of a carnival week at this now very popular centre of winter sport has proved an unqualified success, and anyone who has had the good fortune to be here during this past week of gaiety can have but one opinion as to the future of Morgins. Glorious sunshine has graced and enhanced the beauty of this delightfully situated little village for the past three weeks,

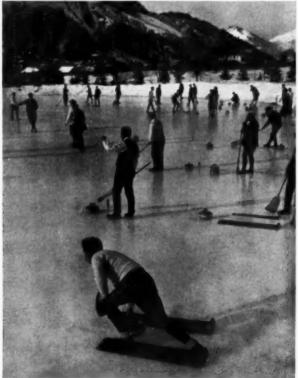
Cup), Dr. Lemon, and many others, and a combined figure of twelve or fourteen was a not rare sight. Thursday was given over to toboggan races, and some fine times were done on the new run. Out of a large entry Miss Marsden and Messrs. Cooper and Taylor emerged successful. A revue, the libretto being the work of Dr. Farrar, son of the late Dean Farrar, the music being composed and arranged by Dr. Lemon, on Thursday, was very clever and humorous, and fully appreciated by a large audience. The fancy-dress ball at the Grand Hotel on Friday came as a fitting termination to a week of sport and enjoyment which has only further proved that Morgins is hard to beat as a winter sports resort. Nothing has hitherto been mentioned regarding the bobbing facilities at Morgins. I have just returned from a five miles' run from the Frontier down beyond Châtel in France; with the exception of one hairpin corner the road is all easy running,



Will Cadby.

BOBBING ON THE ROAD MORGINS TO CHATEL.

and sport at its best has been fully enjoyed by the visitors. The curling Bonspiel commenced on Monday last ended in a win for Dr. Lemons Mirk. There was a large entry and some very good play was seen. On Tuesday the great ski-ing event of the year, the race for the Morgins Challenge Cup, resulted in a win for Mr. J. Towers-Clarke. He ran in splendid form, and from start to finish the result was never in doubt. Wednesday was given up to skating. Morgins possesses one of the finest and best-kept rinks in Switzerland, and a very high standard of skating in the English style is maintained there. Among the well-known skaters to be seen on the rink were Mr. H. H. Cobb (author of "Skating in the English Style"), Mr. J. Towers-Clarke, Mr. Leecher, Mr. Ll. Davies (winner of the Houghton



Ward Muir. Copyright.

THE MANCHESTER CALEDONIAN SKIP IN THE INTERNATIONAL BONSPIEL.

and this particular corner is easily negotiated by anyone with the slightest knowledge of steering. I am told it is possible to go another mile or so. Our pace varied from about ten to thirty-five miles an hour, and as it is possible to see nearly all the time several hundred feet ahead, this is an ideal run. We got a delicious omelette at Châtel and were back at our hotel by 3.30—we started at II o'clock. Another run down to Trois Torrents

are present

as coaches.

Having pas-

sed an easy

test, the

tyro curler

can proceed

to put his

name down

on the regu-

lar lists, and

then enjoys

as much

chance of

being drawn

for the ordin-

ary morning

game as does

the best of

performers.

The conse

quence is that

Villars is

rapidly reach-

ing a level,

as a curling

centre, equal

to that of Grin-

delwald or St

Moritz; and

two teams are

entered from

here for the

is more exciting in that there are more difficult corners, but this I would only recommend to experts; also, there is some traffic on this run, whereas the Châtel road is practically always free.

INTERNATIONAL BONSPIEL AT KANDERSTEG.

Kandersteg has been agog with curlers and curling, for this is the week of the International Bonspiel, and the attendance has broken all records. Twenty-eight rinks (teams of four) turned up upon the field of play, and so keen was the contest that no one could name the winner until the very end. As a spectacle the bonspiel suffered, indeed, from its very magnitude; no single sheet of ice was spacious enough to accommodate all

the matches simultaneously. Some of the games had, therefore, to be transferred from the Victoria's two rinks to that of the Kurverein, and spectators anxious to watch as many of the more important competitions as possible were kept smartly on the move from one spot to another, lest they should miss some extra exciting "head." The majority of the teams came out direct from Scotland, as

usual, but Villars, Adelboden and Mürren all sent their enthusiasts, and three native Swiss quartettes also entered and acquitted themselves notably. There seems to be a good prospect that in time the Swiss will take to the game; if so, it will do much to cement the Anglo-Helvetian entente which winter sport in general, and especially ski-ing, has already so pleasantly initiated. Kandersteg should lead the way in this matter, for it is the home of Victor Egger, the one really first-rate curler which Switzerland has as yet been able to pit against the invading Caledonians. Herr Egger's presence has always made the curlers' visit an agreeable one; and now that the new Loetschberg Railway is completed, and Kandersteg brought within eighteen hours of London, this resort appears likely to keep the bonspiel permanently. In spite of cloudless skies and warm sun at noon, the ice has remained in perfect order, for the frosts before sunrise have been extremely severe. Kandersteg's attractions are less elaborate than those at some of the larger resorts, and the little village of châlets still retains its old simplicity. The place is remarkably situated, on level ground at the base of tremendous precipices and surrounded by a ring of very dramatic peaks.

THE PROGRESS OF VILLARS.

The Villars season is still in full swing, and promises to last until the middle of February, if not longer. At the moment of writing, the sun is so powerful that it would seem almost miraculous that the rinks and toboggan run do not suffer; in fact, some of the more exposed corners on the run have had to be shielded by screens from the glare, and curling is knocked off for a couple of hours at lunch-time—hours well employed, by most of the visitors, in basking on the verandah which overlooks the ice and the sea of mist in the Rhone Valley below. Ski-ers would, perhaps, welcome a snowfall; pending its occurrence an army of enthusiasts migrate daily up the cog-wheel railway to Bretaye (6,000ft.), where many miles of slopes, commanding a matchless panorama of the Diablerets, the Dent du Midi range and Mont Blanc, remain in perfect condition. To one

who has not stayed at Villars for five years past, and who was familiar with the place in its earlier days, the most remarkable change is that noticeable in the management of the Sports Club. This body arranges everything for the convenience of the sojourner's outdoor life, and the manner in which the rinks, etc., are kept in order might be a model for the whole of Switzerland. One little point specially appeals to the present writer, who interests himself in the game of curling. At some of the older resorts the curling is in the hands of a clique of skilled habitués, and the new-comer who has never tried the game has little chance of mastering it. Here there is a definite hour set aside, in the afternoons, for novices' play, and two or three old hands

Ward Muir

THE VIEW OVER THE RINK AT VILLARS.

Copyright.

International

Bonspiel at Kandersteg. Skating, too, is well looked after, and we have had some delightful waltzing competitions under the judgeship of Mr. E. F. Benson. W. M.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

THE CULTIVATION OF OSIERS AND WILLOWS.

HE Board of Agriculture, which shows praiseworthy activity in the way of pointing farmers new crops, has issued one of its tracts dealing with the cultivation of osiers and willows. The writer says cautiously: "It seems probable that willow growing is a sufficiently profitable industry to justify an extension in the area devoted to it in this country." Those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity, however, should remember that these trees require good agricultural land for their successful growth, and it would be little use to cultivate them unless good marketing facilities are available. The writer for the Board of Agriculture suggests that basket making for agricultural purposes might in some cases be carried on as a local industry where the willows are produced. In this way the cost of carriage would be saved. As several county councils provide instruction basket making, the question of willow growing might very well be considered at their centres. In the pamphlet elaborate instructions are given in regard to soil and situation, preparation of grass and arable land, supply of labour, planting, cleaning, cutting, cost of cultivation and yield. There is also a very good chapter on the varieties of willow suitable for basket making purposes. It is written exclusively for the guidance of the practical grower and not from the botanical point of view. Finally, careful directions are given for preparing willows for

HAMPSHIRE DOWN LAMBS.

From owners of Down flocks we hear generally that the lambing season is proving to be an excellent one. The number



THE LAMBING YARD AT IWERNE MINSTER.

and quality of the lambs are considerably above the average and the ewes are doing extremely well. This by the shepherds is attributed to the extraordinarily fine autumn of last year, which gave the ewes the very best opportunity of preparing

MR, ISMAY'S DAUGHTERS OLIVE AND VIOLA WITH LAMBS.

for the ordeal through which they must go in the spring. The flock from which the illustrations are taken is the comparatively young one owned by Mr. James B. Ismay of Iwerne, Dorsetshire. One of them shows the excellent lambing yard, and in the other Mr. Ismay's two younger daughters, Olive and Viola, are seen, each with a lamb. Mr. Ismay's shepherd is Sprackland, who used to be with Mr. Flower of Chilmark, whose flock was sold last year, when record prices were made.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MILKING RECORDS OF A HERD OF PEDIGREE JERSEYS.

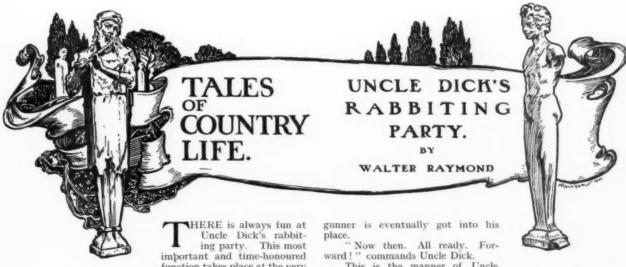
SIR,—The enclosed records of my young herd of pedigree Jerseys are, I think you will agree, interesting, and I should very much appreciate criticism from your readers as to whether they have a herd of a similar number of animals in milk which give a better average.

Name.	Herd Book Vol.					Birth Date.	Days in		tity		Av. per Day	
	F 00.		C8	et. gi	r. lb.	Ditte.	3	Wilk.		lb.		Ib.
Wax Vesta 3rd	XXIII	. D 442		7 1	0	 4- 9-09		347		9434		27.2
Ponterson Lily												
2nd	XXIII.	. р 380		8 0		10- 7-00						
Ermels Girl	XXIV.	. p. 206		7 0	0	 17-11-09		290		7390		25.4
Beauty's Primrose	XXIV.	. p 245		7 1		10- 3-10						
Golden Maggie	XXIV.	. p. 317		6 2	0	 2- 3-10		293		6031		20.5
Wexfords Daisy	XXIV.	. p. 443		7 1	0	 20- 4-10		268		7262		52.0
Highfield Ornatus	XXIV.	. p. 329		8 2		17- 4-10						
Clara's Rose	XXIV.	. p. 272		7 1		16- 3-10						
Blanco's Ruby	XXIV.	. p. 253		6 2		19- 3-10						
Highfield Lass	XXIV.	. p. 329		7 2		13- 5-10						
Bertha's Lady	XXIV.	. p. 249		6 2	0	 13- 1-10		263	* *	7285	* *	27.6
Early Snowdrop	XXIV.	. p. 292		8 0	0	 12- 2-10		161		3739	**	23-2
Gauntlett's Belle												
4th	XXIV.	. p. 300				24- 4-10						
La Chasse Artistic	XXIV.	. p. 340				4- 7-10						
Love of Art	XXIV.	. p. 353				24- 5-10						
Olga's Rose	XXIV.	. p. 387				25- 3-10						24.8
Roseleaf 3rd	XXIV.	. p. 407		7 0	21	 3-11-10		8		194		24.3

Above records are with second calf. Below records with first calf.

Eve II	XXIII.	 p. 291	 7	0	0	 20-	6-10	 368	 7489	2013
Stillett's Victory										
Silver Pansy									64091	
Meg's Beauty	XXV.	 -	 8	0	0	 1-	2-10	 252	 5861]	23-2
Glad Dora	XXV.	 -	 6	2	0	 26-	7-11	 92	 1914	20.9
Happy Bess	XXV.	 4000	 6	12	0	 27-	6-10	 95	 2134	222.5
Minney	THE TRANSPORT		500	44	4.5	6349	77 2 2	6248	12 2 12 19	4277 - 2

These are all Island-bred cattle, and I bought them before they had their first calf, so that if their average milk properties are above the average for their age, it means that this has been attained by correct feeding and sufficient exercise. I had a theory that proper exercise would have a beneficial effect on the milk productive powers of cows, and from my records and the criticism I can get locally they appear to be considerably above the average.—S. F. Edge.



important and time-honoured function takes place at the very beginning of spring and serves as the full stop which marks the close of another winter period. It is, within somewhat narrow limits, a movable feast, but it comes about the time when the swinging catkins begin to hang long and yellow on the hazel copse, and just when the willow bethinks itself of getting ready for Palm Sunday. It comes before the breaking of the leaf, although the climbing honeysuckle has already put forth her tufts of early foliage. The date is a matter of arrangement between Uncle Dick and the head-keeper. When the Squire and everybody else have quite done, Uncle Dick's party gives the finishing touch. For no matter how many have been killed, there are always rabbits in the great woods. You may see the signs of them everywhere—the scrapes, apparently made without purpose, the scattered fur where amorous old bucks have fought with deadly intent, and the newly burrowed soil. It is pitiful to see how the vermin have caten off the shoots of the young copse, leaving every twig with an edge as smooth and sharpcut as if it had been pruned by a gardener's knife. There is every need of Uncle Dick's rabbiting party.

As soon as the arrangement is made. Uncle Dick sends

been pruned by a gardener's knife. There is every need of Uncle Dick's rabbiting party.

As soon as the arrangement is made, Uncle Dick sends round to call out his militia. On the morning of the day fixed, round to call out his militia. On the morning of the day fixed, all his sporting relatives and many others arrive, followed by dogs of mixed origin, but every one the best in the kingdom, and chief among them cousin John's Towzer, a thorough-bred spaniel and steady as a rock. They come armed with artillery of various patterns, with here and there one of dangerous antiquity. I have seen as many as fourteen guns at Uncle Dick's rabbiting party. All Uncle Richard's relations are not of his kin, to be sure, for "uncle" is a title of respect gratuitously bestowed in our part of the world upon any old boy of more than ordinary geniality. They flock to the old homestead a-horseback ordinary geniality. They flock to the old homestead a-horseback or in two-wheeled carts from all parts of the countryside until the stables are full and nags overflow into the carthouse. Many who "never didn' take no delight in the gun" make a point of coming, as they apologetically explain, to "just look on at the who "never didn' take no denght in the gun "make a point of coming, as they apologetically explain, to "just look on at the fun like." There are attractions other than powder and shot at Uncle Dick's rabbiting party. It is worth a ten-mile ride to see Uncle Richard himself when he comes out to the door, a short, stout man with crisp grey hair and a fresh complexion. It is worth another to hear him shout: "Come on, then. Make haste in and wet one eye." To a consistent attention to the haste in and wet one eye." To a consistent attention to the moistening of one eye after another the heartiness of Uncle Dick's advancing years must be attributed. At three score and five he measures eighteen inches round the outside of the gaiter, and nobody knows what round the belt. "Come on, then. Wet one eye. Now then, all ready?" And so, with shouldered arms, and followed at a respectful distance by a donkey and cart, the party marches across the homefield, through the orchard, under the group of tall trees where nesting rooks are cawing like politicians and quarrelling like thieves, until they file along the hedge of the ploughed field that lies against the great wood. By the holly bush at the corner of the wood they hold a council to establish silence, at which everybody speaks.

"Now, look here," cries Uncle Dick, in a loud voice of com-l, so that all his regiment may hear. "Nobody breathe "Now, look here," cries Uncle Dick, in a loud voice mand, so that all his regiment may hear. "Nobody a word, without 'tis to just whistle back a dog. So mice, mind—an' all keep in line."

At once there is complete unanimity as to silence, "That's right, Uncle Dick."

"Now, nobody speak a single word——"

"For there always is too much talk——"

"And so there is——" So quiet as

And so there is——"
And always have been to my mind-

"And a lot of talk must spoil sport, and——"
"You can't expect no otherwise."
"Shut up, all o' 'ee," shouts Uncle Dick; and then, with much explanation and after still more misapprehension, each

ward!" commands Uncle Dick.

This is the manner of Uncle
Dick's rabbiting party. There are no beaters, no stops—only
the shooters and their friends, both human and canine.
They march in open order, pushing their way as best
they can among the copse. Determined upon silence, for
awhile there is scarcely a sound—only the shriek of a
frightened blackbird or the whirr of an occasional pheasant
as he rises and flies away above the trees. Then arises
an unearthly yell on the right. "Rabbit coming down in
front."

A single shot—then a double barrel—then a fusillade, as if the Germans were already come. Then voices.

Did 'ee get un?"
No."
I hit un, though."
Zo did I, too."

The rabbits at Uncle Dick's rabbiting party are of an exceptionally hardy breed. At a moderate computation they could frequently be proved to carry away ounces of shot. However, there is no time for arithmetic.

"Rabbit gone back. Look out."

"Where?"

"Where?"
"Coming down behind." Bang—bang—bang—bang!
"I got un this time."

But look here, everybody. Look out where you do

For with so much excitement, added to the difficulties, the holes, the stumps, the briars, which at every step beset the march, the line is apt to become disorganised. Moreover, some ardent shots are tempted to run forward and others back. Then Uncle Dick becomes serious and admonitory. "Come

Then Uncle Dick becomes serious and admonitory. "Come up, there. Keep back, there. Keep in line, I tell 'ee. Somebody or another 'll get shot—I do know they will."

He is interrupted by the "yap-yap-yap" of a spaniel, and a voice yelling "Towzer! Towzer! You little devil! Come back, I tell 'ee. Come back."

But Towzer takes no heed—and where Towzer goes may not the others follow? The woods resound with yapping—and afterwards with yelping when occasional chastisement is meted out. Then in the distance is heard the voice of the master of Towzer in perpetual explanation. "Well, what can anybody expect? I lifted a faggot and the rabbit jumped out under his nose. Besides, Towzer—Towzer is a very out under his nose. Besides, Towzer — Towzer is a very jealous dog. Towzer do always know when there be other jealous dog. dogs about.

So with varying fortunes, but never with silence complete enough to please him, Uncle Dick's rabbiting-party marches through the wood. He is never quite satisfied with the result. But he knows the reason of it and the remedy. "Terr'ble poor sport!" cries he. "Come on, all o' 'ee. You must wet t'other eye."

t'other eye."

The guns, the dogs, the discipline—nothing that has to do with Uncle Dick's rabbiting-party can be absolutely depended upon with the exception of the donkey and cart. That has an orbit as certain as Halley's Comet. Clouds cannot obscure it, and nothing within the whole Cosmos can delay. There it waits by the gate where the hurdle-makers haul away their hurdles down the deeply rutted lane. Even the jar can be observed without difficulty and with the naked eye. Greatly refreshed, the shooters pass on from wood to wood. They make a long day of it. With shots and shouts and calling after lost dogs, they do not get home before dusk. Then the blackbird comes back to the copse and flutes, while the pheasant lets all the world know that he is going up to roost. A quiet peace falls on the wood which shall not be disturbed the summer through.

Uncle Dick has just had his rabbiting party for this year. It was a most successful entertainment. True, there was no excessive slaughter of rabbits, but no human blood

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THE NATIONAL TRUST AND HYDON HEATH.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL

THE good work of the National Trust in the preservation of sites and remains of historical interest and of places of natural beauty is already well known, and is daily receiving more grateful recognition. The beautiful country in the Southwest of Surrey has already benefited by its work in securing for the public the wild heathy wastes about Hindhead; now it is hoping to save Hydon Heath, consisting of ninety-two acres of land of the same character that lies seven miles northeast from Hindhead. Its wooded hill forms one of the spurs, of which Hascombe Hill is another, that, in connection with the foot-hills of Hindhead, form a shallow amphitheatre of points of high ground that enclose the northern portion of the Weald. When mist lies over the lower land, clinging as it often does to the colder clay of the Weald, it looks like a white sea, the part circle of high ground appearing as a bold coast line. From all these hills, looking at each other and across the Weald to the distant line of the South Downs, the views are extremely beautiful, but for variety of aspect, that from the top of Hydon, nearly 60oft. above sea-level, is the most complete and in some ways the most pictorial.

most complete and in some ways the most pictorial.

In common with others of these spurs, it is, geologically, on the Hythe Beds of the Lower Greensand; from its sandy nature the soil has never been cultivated, except for the planting of one or two kinds of trees that thrive on the poorest ground. The land is therefore of wild forest character, such as is ever becoming rarer in the district; but it is distinguished

from any other of the original woodland that remains by a remarkable growth of wild junipers on the north-eastern flank of the hill. They are grouped with hollies and Scots firs in such admirable ways that they form the best possible example of how ornamental planting should be done. The junipers themselves, 20ft. to 25ft. high and even more, are, I believe, among the finest in England. They vary much in shape, for some shoot up tall and straight, ending in a delicate and symmetrical others form roundish masses, and others again quite low bushes. The tall ones are those that have one strong trunk; when the stem divides, the more numerous heads give a lodging for snow, which easily throws the juniper down, laying it out on all sides. When this occurs while the tree is young it forms the rounded bush, but if it happens to a many-stemmed one of some age the trunks lie along the ground, eventually rising at the tips. One often thinks one has come upon a thriving young juniper when it is only one of these tips rising from ground, the tree being perhaps 10ft. or 12ft.

away.

A road passes up through the wooded land and over a shoulder of the hill; the road as it is, is exactly right in character, good enough for the use of any ordinary carriage and yet not so perfectly kept as to be out of harmony with the forest scenery. It has also the merit (in the sense of preserving the wild character of the place) that it leads nowhere in particular, for, after going over the shoulder of the hill to where one of the old footpaths leads up through the

deep heath, it becomes rougher and rougher till it ends at a sharp turn in a narrow green lane only fit for a farm cart and only meant for farm use. The old foot-track up through the Heath has become storm-washed into a rough gully that now looks more like the bed of a tiny mountain torrent; in fact, it has been abandoned as a footway, and another takes its place by the side. This is what has been going on for ever with the older paths and lanes of the country. Examples abound on the heathy commons; in one place, by the side of the near Portsmouth road, there are no fewer than nine sets of deep, parallel furrows and ridges, remains of the old pack-horse road, one track after another having been abandoned when it became too deep and rain-rutted. Near the lower part of the Hydon land on the south-east is a fine example of one of these old dead roads, all the more interesting locally because it was a part of the track followed by the smugglers when they brought their loaded string of pack-horses from the sea at Shoreham to Godalming and Guildford. They passed by narrow ways across the Weald, mounting the hilly ground by the foot of Hydon, and from there passing through a short two miles of woodland to Munstead Heath, rough land near Godalming, where they hid their loads in the thickets of high gorse and juniper. The upper end of the old smugglers' lane is shown in one of the illustrations. Here, where it rises nearly to the level of the forest land it is not more than 6ft. deep, but, following it down, it becomes wider and a great deal deeper. One



THE OLD PATH UP THE HILL.

seems to be plunging into a profound, dark hollow, for it is overarched by giant hollies and these again are canopied by great Scots firs that rise up tall and straight, with trunks 2ft. thick. The place is curiously impressive in its sombre depth and darkness. The long-fallen leaves of holly and pine-needles and the leaves of oak and chestnut that have blown in from outside form a thick, soft carpet; nothing grows in the deep gloom; the high, sandy banks have a sparse coating of short moss only. In places the floor of the lane is impassable from a deep tangle of fallen fir boughs. It all looks like the home of badgers, those shy creatures that live in the most remote and undisturbed woodland; so far removed does the place appear to be from anything concerning human life.

Hydon Heath thus presents a goodly variety of character and aspect; from the wide views of the heathy hill-top to the nearly level space of almost boggy ground, with its groups of slender birches and its framing of dense fir wood at the bottom; and, in between, the spaces of tangled brake of juniper and holly; then the fir wood of younger growth as the hill rises, the steep south-eastern slope with the old lane and its great hollies and firs, a continuation of the same



JUNIPERS, TALL AND SHORT.

slope having finer oaks than are common in the district; and the one or two planted spaces of larch and chestnut. The place is all the more valuable for public enjoyment because it is almost more beautiful in winter than in summer, and certainly more accessible; for in many parts the bracken in summer is more than breast-high, and prevents approach to some of the finest groups of juniper. The colouring of the landscape both far and near is also better in winter. All painters know the loveliness of colour of winter woodland in middle distance, while the low sunlight, glancing on the rusty warmth of the dead bracken, on the bright green of the leafless whortleberry and the still more brilliant verdure of the mossy ground covering, give pictures of colour beauty unequalled by the more even green tones of the summer months. The Scots firs are also in their finest dress, and vary in appearance with the changing conditions of weather; one of their loveliest effects being on those soft winter days when the slight moisture that we call Scotch mist is falling; for it just hangs on, loading and silvering the pine-foliage masses. Then the pine trunks (for what we commonly call Scots fir is, of course, a pine) show their wonderful colouring—pale grey-green below, ruddy above—and, to look at close, a marvel of



THE ROAD THROUGH THE WOODLAND.

delicate and complicated tinting. The hollies, too, are at their deepest and glossiest, many, in berrying years, loaded with their scarlet fruit, while the junipers are a wonder of their soft grev-green.

their soft grey-green.

The National Trust (of 25, Victoria Street; secretary, Mr. A. H. Hamer) hopes to raise the sum of £5,500, which is needed for the purchase of the land, the building of a caretaker's cottage, and law expenses. About £1,500 has already been subscribed. It is not a local matter only, the place being easily accessible; it is about twelve minutes' motor run from Godalming Station. Moreover, the intention, if it can be acquired, is that it shall be dedicated to the public



AT THE END OF THE SMUGGLERS' LANE.

in memory of Octavia Hill. All who knew her express their joyful conviction that there could not be a more fitting memorial. The name of the place has been under discussion. The upper part of the hill has always been

known as Hydon's Ball, the remainder generally as Hydon Heath; recently it has been corrupted into Highdown, the less correct name by which it appears on the Ordnance maps.

A PLEA FOR THE TITS.

URING the winter months, when our summer visitors have left us for warmer climes, the tits invade our gardens, and, as we watch them searching for food among the shrubs, they seem to bring to all of us an element of happiness and good cheer. It is astonishing nowadays how many people, in one way or another, help our feathered friends to fight against starvation during the cold weather. One notices cocoanuts, pieces of fat and pieces of cheese. In one instance I have seen the carcase of the mutilated Christmas turkey hung up for the birds to feed on. The latter claimed the attention of an extraordinary number of tits who evidently wished to partake of the seasonable dish, while robins did their best to snatch a mouthful here and there. The three members of the tit family which may often be seen feeding in the garden are the great tit, the coal tit and the common blue tit. It is not everyone who knows how to distinguish between these three birds, although most people can recognise a tit as such

BLUE TIT WITH A PIECE OF CHEESE IN HIS BILL.

when they see one. To put the matter shortly, one may identify the great tit or ox-eye by his large size, black cap, and broad black line running down the middle of his breast; the blue tit by the narrow black line running across his eye and his charac-teristic blue cap; and the coal tit, tiniest member of a tiny family, by his black crown, and at the base of it a white patch clearly visible to the observer when the bird's back is towards him. The great tit, being larger and stronger than the others, takes prece-dence whenever he is present.

He arrives on the scene with a rush, and at once all his

at once all his weaker relatives make room for him. One look round to see that all is safe and then he starts to do justice to the meal provided. It seems as though he wished to break a record, at such a rate does he tear off pieces of cheese from the lump. Then he takes a turn at the cocoanut, picking away at the same ferocious speed. What a digestion our young friend must have! He may, however, suffer later on, though this does not prevent his return to the same food on the morrow. All at once he is gone, and the smaller members of the group once more return to the repast. The coal tit seems to be the weakest of the three birds, and always is driven off, even by the little blue-cap. But the question which is perhaps of most interest to the gardener is whether these birds which we encourage in the winter are harmful to fruits and flowers later on. There is no doubt that tits do to some extent attack fruit and rob us of a few peas. A pair of blue tits have occupied a nesting-box in



BLUE TIT ON COCOANUT.

my garden for several years, and last spring I noticed them deliberately plucking off the new leaves of a chestnut and allowing them to float down to the ground. The object of this was certainly not to obtain food, as each leaf was severed at the base and then either dropped at once or carried off and then allowed to fall. As far as I could make out it was merely a game, and as the tree was a young one and freshly planted I had to put a stop to such unpardonable havoc. This behaviour of the tits might have been taken to indicate an inclination to build, or possibly, if the male alone had done it, an encouragement for the female to obtain nesting material. But the nest had been finished some time previously, so that such an explanation could not have been the correct one. However, against all the damage that the tits do in the garden must be put the enormous amount of good which they undoubtedly accomplish. Green fly and



GREAT TIT FEEDING ON CHEESE.

other pests are stripped off the roses, while the numbers of small caterpillars destroyed must truly be prodigious. It has been noticed by a close observer that a pair of blue tits while feeding their young destroyed 600 or 700 insects in the course of a single day. If this went on for only one month in the year, it means that from 18,000 to 21,000 insects, caterpillars, etc., are destroyed by one pair of birds while bringing up their young. We have only to look at some of our early authors to see what a mistaken view of the tits people had not so very long ago. Mr. Knapp, in his "Journal of a Naturalist," states that "an item passed in one of a late churchwarden's accounts was for seventeen dozen tomtits' heads"; these were paid for at so much a

dozen. Think of the number of caterpillars whose lives were consequently spared to devastate the gardens during that year. A simple calculation taken from the above figures will show us what an army of harmful pests, which would in all probability have been destroyed by the birds, lived to strip the trees of leaves and desecrate the buds of the roses. Surely, then, it is worth our while to spare a few peas as a just reward for the useful work done by the tits in the early summer. All the tits mentioned above will readily take nesting-boxes. These should be placed in the garden during the winter, as the birds will then get familiar with their appearance and use them as sleeping places until nesting time arrives.

A. M. C. NICHOLL.

WHALING IN THE NORTH.

By A. E. SHIPLEY.

ITH regard to whaling we must readjust our ideas and revise our views. The whaling of Ballantyne and of the other books of our boyhood is at an end; it is done with. And yet at the present time the Cetacea are being hunted to an extent never thought of till well on in this century. Within the last five years the industry has been enormously developed, but the heroic harpooner of our childish days has disappeared, and the romance seems knocked out of the pursuit. Still, as Kipling tells us,

Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

Whaling dates from a very early period, and no doubt was carried on long before the date of any written record that has come down to us. Norwegian whaling is mentioned by King Alfred, and in all probability this form of sport arose in ancient times quite independently among many people Norsemen, Eskimos, Japanese, etc. From William the Conqueror's time until 1600 the Basques, inhabiting those charming cities stretching from Biarritz to San Sebastian, in the angle of the Bay of Biscay, hunted the Atlantic rightwhale (Balaena biscayensis), and in these 600 years almost succeeded in exterminating it. The thirteenth century seal of the town Fontarabia, just over the Spanish border, is a "Balynger" or whale boat with harpooners. Towards the end of this period the Basques were also taking the Greenland right-whale (B. mysticetus), but it was the discovery of Spitzbergen by the Dutch navigator Barents in 1596, and, eleven years later, the voyage of Hudson on the Hopewell to the Northern Russian seas, that showed the way to the establishment of a successful whaling industry in the Polar area, based mainly on the most valuable of all the different species, the Greenland right-whale. The Dutch established a station called Smeerenberg on Spitzbergen, and by 1680 had no less than 266 and 14,000 sailors employed in whaling. Holland had for the time cornered the oil market. The northern seas then abounded in these monsters, and it is on record that in the year 1697 no less than 1,959 whales were taken by 188 ships. The Dutch fishery maintained itself during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, but then it began to fall off, and almost entirely ceased by the beginning of the nineteenth. The Germans and Danes to some extent of the nineteenth. The Germans and Danes to some extent took their place, though the latter showed most activity in the Davis Strait whalery. During the eighteenth century "no less than 700 vessels, manned by 35,000 men, found employment in hunting the Greenland right-whale from Spitzbergen to the Davis Straits and Baffin Bay." From 1732 until 1824 British whalers were encouraged and subsidised by a Government grant, yet even when British whaling was in the very flowighing position; thad attained by Waterley. was in the very flourishing position it had attained by Waterloo year, only 164 vessels from British ports were engaged in whaling. Thirteen years later the number had sunk to onehalf, and of these forty-nine were Scottish.

In an interesting article in the "Annals for Scottish Natural History," Mr. T. Southwell writes: "For the first quarter of the nineteenth century scarcely a seaport of any importance on the East Coast of England was unrepresented in the Arctic Seas; from Scotland, Berwick, Leith, Kirkcaldy, Dundee, Montrose, Aberdeen, Peterhead, Kirkwall, Greenock, and for a time Banff and Bo'ness, all took part in the whale fishery. Gradually one by one they fell off till only Peterhead, which sent out her first whaler in 1788, and Dundee (which started in 1760) were left. In 1893, Peterhead, which in 1857 sent out thirty-four vessels, ceased to be represented in the

A year ago there were but five British vessels whaling in these northern seas, and they were doing so poorly that Mr. Salvesen of Leith thinks the numbers will be still further reduced, even if the industry does not disappear altogether. The ships that took part in the old-fashioned whaling, say, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, were vessels of 300 tons to 400 tons, manned by about thirty officers and men, and carrying six whale boats. They were, as a rule, provisioned for three years, and often stayed away for their full time. When a whale was sighted, generally four of the whale boats, each about 27ft. in length and sharp at both ends, were lowered. The crew of each boat consisted of a coxswain, four oarsmen, and the harpooner in the bows. The whale, when harpooned, usually made off at the end of a 200-fathom whale line, dragging the boat after her, but as she became weaker from loss of blood, the boat was able to approach, and often the harpooner was able to despatch her with the thrust of a lance under one of her flippers. Once dead, she was brought alongside the ship and dismembered, but nothing but oil and whalebone were brought home to the port of sailing. At the present time things are much more intensive. As far as possible whales are towed to factories, either on shore or afloat, where even the bones are turned to use.

Mr. Salvesen gives a very complete account of the companies now conducting whale-hunting, both North and South of the Equator, and their number is certainly surprising. On Spitzbergen there are two with five or six ships, but the season is short and the outlook not too promising. Whaling only began in Iceland in the eighties, but there are now six companies using twenty-seven whalers, many of them steamers. The Faroe Islands have fifteen steam whalers, and within the last ten years five companies operate eleven steam whalers from Shetland and the Hebrides. In 1909 two stations were established on the West of Ireland, and one of them very kindly afforded to two Cambridge students every opportunity for scientific research; but although the scientific results were notable, the commercial success is said to have been unsatisfactory.

Whaling was at one time carried on off Nantucket Island by boats from the beach, but whalers soon made their appearance, and for the great part of the eighteenth century there were between 300 and 400 vessels engaged in this pursuit. In 1846 there were 733 sailing from Martha's Vineyard, New Bedford, and other ports, but many of these were destroyed by the Southern Fleet in the American Civil War, and the industry on the New England coast has never recovered. New Bedford has now less than thirty, all old-fashioned vessels, but they are chiefly employed South of the Equator.

The fine and numerous Newfoundland Fleet which started with such hopes in 1899 is now reduced to five whalers, most of the others having been sold to the Japanese. Comparative failure has also attended the operations of a Norwegian-Canadian company in the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and also those of a third venture in Davis Straits.

In the Pacific, San Francisco furnishes a number of modern whalers which hunt the whales of the Bering Sea. Seventy-five years ago the Western seaboard had well over 800 whalers; these had dropped to 160 in 1875, and the decline in numbers has been and is progressive. Ten modern whalers have been lately working off the coast of British Columbia, and with such success that two or three new companies have recently been formed to operate off these Western shores and those of Alaska. They take chiefly the finner-whale, and their ships, for fiscal reasons, fly the flag of the United States. Crossing the Pacific, the Japanese have nearly thirty whalers working from twelve stations ashore, and so protective is

this nation that, with the occasional exception of a "gunner," the crew is entirely Japanese; so is the capital invested, and so is the consumption of the whale products. Little oil is available for exportation, and the whale meat is eagerly eaten in Japan and Korea. In 1911 a Norwegian company under Russian auspices made a start from Vladivostok to

exploit the Sea of Okhotsk, but with little success. exhausts Mr. Salvesen's summary of whaling North of the Equator, but the real centre of the world's whaling has shifted very far South, to a barren and, until very few years ago, uninhabited island. To the romantic story of this island we must turn when we deal with whaling in the South.

CAICHPULE ATFALKLAND. THE

a past number of COUNTRY LIFE (January 27th, 1912) which treated of Falkland Palace, Fife, allusion was made to the "very notable caichpule or tennis court" situated in the Palace gardens. The following are some further notes on this caichpule, which, from the accounts of John Scrimgeour, master of works, preserved in the Register House at Edinburgh, is known to have been built by James V. of Scotland at the same time as the fore-entry of the Palace (1539-41). Little seems to be known of its subsequent history, but throughout the nineteenth century it served as a receptacle for garden refuse, until it was literally unearthed and restored to life by the late

Marquess of Bute and able coadjutor, John Kinross as the The court. photographs show, is roofless; the back wall on the service side lacks the cuspenthouse tomary and dedans gallery, but possesses four rectangular windowlike openings; there is no tambour on the main wall; the two door openings are cut down (as at Fontainebleau) to the floor. These are the chief characters which stamp the building as unique. Others of a minor nature may have been obliterated in the course of time, for when the restora-

tion of 1893 was undertaken there was 7ft. of soil inside the court, two doorways (one to admit carts) had been opened in the north wall and all the old pavement and woodwork had But in its main lines the building preserves disappeared. the plan as it was conceived and carried out in 1540. The dimensions of the unusually high and broad penthouses could be fixed with certainty from what remained of the battery walls and from the stone corbels intended for the support of the original (stone or tile) penthouse roofs; as there was nothing to show the old positions of the gallery posts, recourse was had to the expert assistance of Mr. W. C Marshall, who supplied conjectural measurements for the Marshall, who supplied conjectural measurements for the restoration of the gallery openings as follows: Back wall to last gallery, service side, 14ft. 8in.; ditto, hazard side, 14ft. 6in.; last gallery and second gallery, each, 10ft. 4in.; door, 3ft. 6in.; first gallery, 9ft. 11in. A new roof of yellow pine was given to the penthouses, and the side gallery was subdivided by dwarf columns of oak. The grille, which may or may not have been an original feature. grille, which may or may not have been an original feature, was made 3ft. 2in. square; the battery walls 3ft. 8in. high. The net was fixed at the usual height; a channel was dug for drainage purposes across the middle of the court, and covered by an iron grating; a new floor of Kingudy flag-stones was laid, and on it probably the chase-lines were painted, but if so they have been washed out since. The walls were recoated with cement and capped with a coping of moulded stone; the galleries were paved with tiles. To the extent thus outlined the restorers are responsible. The following, on the other hand, are measurements which may be referred with certainty to the original plan: Outside walls, 25ft. high and about 2ft. 6in. thick; floor, 97ft. 4in. long by 33ft. 4in. wide; height of penthouse at upper edge, 13ft.; height of penthouse at lower edge, 7ft. 2½in.; width of side penthouse of air is width of end penthouse. penthouse, 9ft. 3in.; width of end penthouse, 8ft. 3in. It remains to consider the hazard openings in the north

wall and the distinctively Scottish terminology which finds

expression in the words "caich" and "caichpule." By the time the Falkland court was built tennis, substantially in its present form, was a recognised pastime of, and betting medium for, the ruling classes throughout Europe. In Italy, where it may have had its birth, but has since died out, it was one of the several kindred forms of recreation known as giuoci di palla, of which term it seems fair to regard the French jeu de paume as intended to be the equivalent (paume meaning "ball" as well as "palm"). To a certain extent the same word became naturalised in England; we meet with "paame" in the Paston Letters, with "paune" in Henry VII.'s accounts; in Stuart

times we hear of a keeper of the long "paulmes" or "paulims"; but the name which, for some reason not clear to us now, best conveyed the required sense English ears, and has since obtained undisputed currency England, is "tennis." In Flanders, on the other hand, and North Germany, where the game was also played, it was called neither paume nor tennis, but kaatsbel or katzensbil. which is a combination of Romanic caccia (of which there was an old French form cace, cachier) with verb with Teutonic spiel, and means in literal



SERVICE SIDE, SHOWING OPENINGS.

translation "drive game," the essence of a ball game, in the minds of the then users of the term, being a contest between two opposing factions whose object was to drive or toss (katsen) a ball as far as possible into their opponents' territory. Originally the "chase" or successful toss was marked at the actual spot where the ball was stopped by marked at the actual spot where the ball was stopped by the defending player, as it is still marked (by means of a picquet thrust into the ground) in the game of longue paume, and as is done also in the Wall Game, a form of football peculiar to Eton, which, reminiscent as it is in some of its features of pallone, may preserve to us some vestiges of Baloone, the English version of that Italian game which was numbered among the "country contentments" of Elizabethan times. The exprision may included he entertained The suspicion may indeed be entertained Elizabethan times. that calx, a term used technically in this old Eton game, and popularly referred to certain white lines traced on the wall, may be a local and learned corruption of "cache" or "caich," a British form of *katsen*. Having given birth to the doublets "chace" and "catch," each of which developed the doublets "chace" and "catch," each of which developed a meaning of its own, the parent word disappeared (about 1500) from literary English. (It may be traced in such a word as "catchpole," a tax-gatherer.) In Scotland, on the other hand, not only was to "cache" or "keytch," meaning to toss to and fro, in literary use during the sixteenth century, but the "cache" or "caitche," "cachepile," "caichpule," etc., with spelling ad libitum, were the regular Scottish terms corresponding to, and used by preference for, the English "tennis" and "tennis play." For instance, the parson of Lindsay's "Satyre" (circa 1535), states roundly:

Thocht I preich not I can play at the caiche,

and William Dunbar, surveying Scotland about the same time, lays it to her charge that

> Sa mony rackettis, sa mony ketche-pillaris, Sic ballis, sic nackettis, and sic tutivillaris, Within this land was nevir hard nor sene

"Ketchepillar," which has been referred by one learned commentator to the French gaspilleur, is, of course, the Flemish

kaatspeler in Scottish dress

kaalspeler in Scottish dress.

In the Lord High Treasurer's accounts such entries as "tynt be the King at the cach in Striveling" (1497), "item for bawis tynt be the Kinges Grace" (1532) are typical of many such which record the royal expenses in connection with games played at Stirling and Edinburgh; "tynt" with games played at Stirling and Edinburgh; meaning lost, and incidentally attesting the roofless nature of the courts. An entry of 1508 "for ballis and for cachis of the courts. An entry of 1500 101 balas and laying" reminds us that even in enclosed courts the chases were at that time marked by a movable peg or the description of the required position by the marker. The chases were at that time marked by a standard put in the required position by the marker. The standard put in the required position by the marker. Bird'sfirst courts, we may be sure, were open to the air. Bird's-eye views, which survive in print, of the old courts at Windsor and at the Louvre give an idea of what they Derived, perhaps, from some lost original which owed its size and shape, like the Eton fives court, to unconscious circumstance, they must have adapted themselves freely to local exigencies. In the process of time two types evolved a greater, with *dedans* gallery, and a less, without. Of the courts with *dedans* the standard was set by the one built on a princely scale at the Louvre by Henry II. of France, of which a description was printed by Antonio di Scaino in 1550. Of those without dedans there must have been many in the early days. Gibbon's tennis court in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was being used as a theatre in 1660, had a floor 63ft. by 23ft. The Petworth List, printed in "The Annals of Tennis" (page 79), reveals the existence in 1615 of fourteen London tennis courts varying in length from 84ft. to 55ft., and in breadth from 221ft. to 17ft. Old prints suggest that these courts of the lesser sort varied individually as to fenestration and other features: but in the eighteenth century, by which time there was in France a recognised standard for such courts, there were two regular hazards which, on the service side, compensated for the absence of a *dedans*, namely, *l'ais*, a wooden board

set perpendicularly against the back wall, and le petit trou, a small square open-ing at floor level. From the last named these courts took their name of jeux de carré, meaning courts with a trou carré, as opposed to jeux de dedans. Their use developed a distinctive style of play. The French amateur de Manivieux, writ-ing about 1780, says that it was a good thing for a player to have acbut for the fact that he himself, three days before, had had it built up "hard with stone, bicause that when he played there at the pawme the ballis that he plaid withe oft ranne yn at that foule hole." The Scottish archives contain many references to the game, but records of the courts themselves are scanty. In Edinburgh we hear of Crummis Cachpuyll (1526), Antonis Cachpule, Maister James Haliburtonne's Caichepule (1532).

In Aberdeen of Alexandris Cachespale (1538); in St. Andrews of a "kaichspel within the boundis of the priorie." In Stirling there is record of play in 1498, and of a kechpule built in 1539 by one William Bell. The ground plan of the court at Holyrood, printed in "Mylne's Master Masons," shows it to have had like the one at Falkland a pent. shows it to have had, like the one at Falkland, a pent-house on two sides only. It may be that the Scottish fashion diverged thus from the English. Systematic research might perhaps add to our knowledge of Scottish tennis, the tradition of which lingers in this one notable monument at Falkland, the sole survivor of an extinct race. the Falkland court may have possessed at floor level cannot now be known. Above the floor are preserved, intact from the day when they were built, the four highly interesting openings which have been referred to above. That these were a feature of the original plan is made clear by the accounts, which speak of the "hewing and laing of hasartis." Viewed from inside they are splayed embrasures 3ft. wide Ift. 10in. high, with an outside opening 11in. by 8in. The two lower ones are 9ft. 7in., the two upper ones 18ft. 10in. above the level of the floor; consequently, if they are winning hazards, they render the service side of the court liable to an attack which is incapable of defence. But the target which they present is so small that the striker-out would not often be tempted to play for them, and it is more natural to suppose that they were losing hazards, i.e.,

were scored against the striker who played the ball through them—a view supported by an analogous rule which held good in Pallone. That they were copied from some French original is likely



HAZARD SIDE OF COURT.

quired his game in such a court; he learnt to cut the ball instead of flogging it (fouailler) in the direction of the openings. But the carré courts failed to hold their own. Europe to-day cannot show a single example of ais or trou carré. How l'ais was derived does not seem to be known. The trou carrés (which Scaino's plans show in various positions) were no doubt survivals from the uncovered courts. It would be natural to provide a walled courtyard with holes at floor level for drain-Some such a drain there must have been in the court which formed part of the Dominican Convent at Perth, where James I. of Scotland was murdered in 1437. According to Shirley's account, the King hid himself in an underground passage communicating with the outer air by a square hole," which might have afforded means of escape

windows were opened through the main wall of the desecrated tennis court. Neither James V. nor his boys lived to inhabit the "unhappy palace of their race," nor to enjoy the game of After the Union play may have been revived there, caiche. for in 1629 a new pavement was laid and certain repairs carried out. Later, in common with the palace buildings, the court fell into disuse and decay, and neighbours helped themselves to the pavement and other portable parts, the stout outer walls alone resisting change. Bute's generous restoration was carried out, and now the old court only needs chase-lines and a net, players and a marker's voice, to inspire it with life. Without them it calls to mind the Sophoclean saw concerning the futility of human works without the men to man them. CECIL BARING.

enough, since James V. had in 1538 for the second the time married a French wife, and French influence was probably prepotent in the works at Falkland. When first built the Falkland caichpule probably stood by itself. At some later date the existing avery (barn) was added on the west side, and when, in the eight eenth century, this building was put to temporary use as



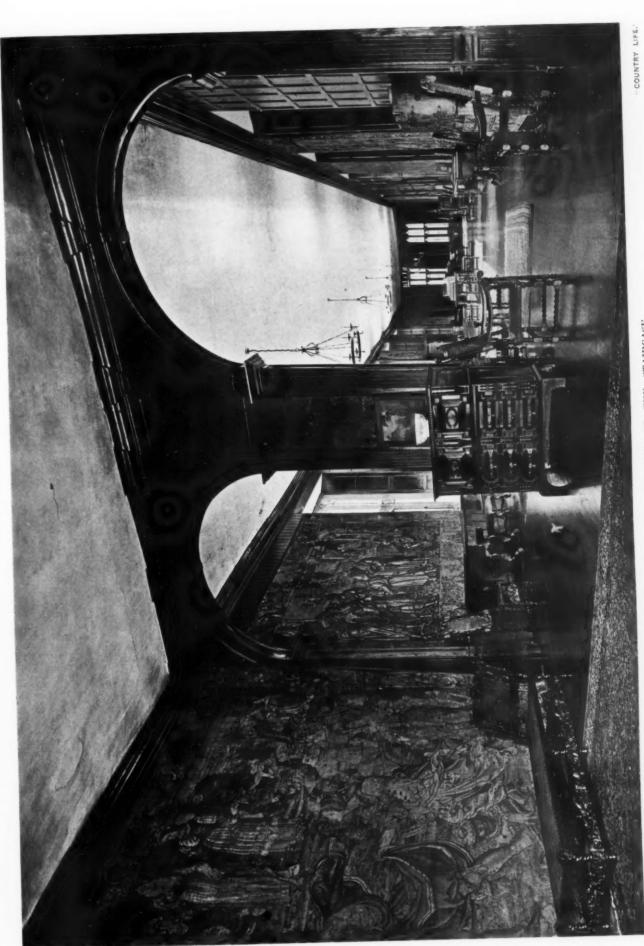
Weston from being much at Sutton when it first became habitable. He was in England from the time of the French expedition of 1523 to 1525, when, through the friendship of Wolsey—whose "servaunte and bedeman" he styles himself—he obtained, in addition to his many other offices, the important and lucrative appointment of Treasurer of Calais. The frequent occurrence of his name in "The Chronicles of Calais," and the fact that letters written by him during the ensuing period are dated thence, imply that this post was no sinecure. Moreover, when not at Calais his duties in the royal apartments and Council Chamber will have kept him much in London and the neighbouring palaces. His only son was attached to the Court at an early age. He cannot have been more than fifteen when, in 1526, he became page, and all his wants—including his shirts and his hose—appear to have been provided for out of the King's Privy Purse. A good-looking lad of pleasant manners, he was soon introduced to the innermost life of the Court, and at the age of nineteen would defeat Henry at tennis and win large sums from him at dice, "Imperiale" and "popes July's game." The royal entourage, where Anne Boleyn now reigned as prime favourite, was a perfect sink of coarse impropriety, extravagant living and selfish intrigue. It is not to be wondered at that, after a course of ten years, the youth's "life of abomination," as

he termed it in his dying letter, ended on the scaffold. At first, however, all went merrily enough. At nineteen his father married him to a wealthy Cumberland Knight's heiress, whose wardship he had previously obtained. That was in 1530, the year of Wolsey's fall, soon followed by Queen Catherine's expulsion from the palace. But old Sir Richard knew well how to trim his sails, and the rise and fall of queens and ministers in rapid succession made no difference to him. Anne and Thomas Cromwell favour him, and he obtains a new grant of lands. Anne is crowned Queen in 1533, and Francis Weston becomes a Knight of the Bath and soon after a Gentleman of her Chamber. Now, also, Sir Richard becomes the King's host at Sutton. That fell disease of the age, the sweating sickness, was rife, and the Court moved about to avoid it, the King taking up his quarters in his own or his courtiers' houses, where they were isolated and convenient for hunting. He was, as Sir John Russell, the founder of the ducal house of Bedford, writes in August, "mynded to go to Fernham and from thens to Esthampstede and so to Wyndsour. And now he Commyth not ther by cause of the Sweatt; And he was fayne to remove from Guyldford to Sutton, Mr Weston' howsse, by cause of the Sweatt in likewise," where, Sir John declares, "I never saw more dylicates nor better Chere in my lyff." For nearly three more years all went well, and Sir Richard was gratified at the birth of his grandson and future heir, Henry, in 1535.



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THE GALLERY FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE.

But Sir Francis was by no means a model husband, and when the Queen accused him of a partiality for one of her ladies, he declared that it was the Queen herself that he loved. Probably he said this merely to ingratiate himself with a vain and coarse woman, but the exact relations of Anne and the young men she kept hanging about her can never be established, and there is no reason for plunging into the unsavoury but tragic whirlpool. By the beginning of 1536 Henry was seen to have shifted his affections. Anne's many enemies might, therefore, safely repeat aloud what had previously been whispered. Three weeks of May was long enough to see the arrest, trial and execution of Anne and of her lovers, and the marriage of Henry with Jane Seymour. We boast of the rapid way we live now, but some matters were carried through even more smartly in the days of Bluff

the chapel of Guildford Church, which he had built for the the chapel of Guildford Church, which he had built for the purpose. The inventory of Sutton that the executors had drawn up has already been alluded to. It enumerates twenty-six chambers besides the "gret Chambere." There is no direct reference to hall or parlour, but in the wardrobe is "a gret carpet in the p-ler agreable wt. the table there." The number of carpets is very large. Several are in the rooms, and among others in the wardrobe are "a turky carpet," "a grete carpete to lay under the Kyngs fete" and "xxv carpetts for wyndows in sondry chambers." They were for covering tables and seats, and not to be trodden under foot by any but the King. In almost every case the chambers have one or more beds and there are three more in the wardrobe, "whereof ij be of joyned work and the thyrd for to cary." Many are "playne trussynge bedds," even

when they have testers with velvet and damask hangings. But there are also more elaborate pieces, such as in the chamber next the great chamber, where we find bedstede of brasell wt. a tester of crymsyn Satyn wt. cultayn of tynsall apon it & a frenge," and also "a tester of red sylke and gold & v. curtayns toth bedstede of crymsyn sarcynat." The walls least ten rooms were at hung with sets of tapestry. The "story of the Egypcyons" is in duplicate. The Stories is in duplicate. The Stories of St. George, of Hollofernes, and "of the Founteyns" also occur, as well as subjects to which no title is assigned, but such descriptions as "viij pecis of hangyngs Storyed wt. bests and naked peple "and "vij pecs of smale verders storyed w^t. bests & ffowles."

It is difficult to see on

what system inventories of the time were drawn up. Fixed seats and trestle tables were still frequent and these were always omitted. But "joyned" furniture — Court Sovereign's feet, apostoles apon the knoppes.

cupboards, credences, chairs and tables-was in use, and certainly in a sumptuously furnished home, where carpets were kept to place under the they must have occurred. Yet the Sutton inventory mentions only a "cheyer of brassell and a lytle stole." Neither cupboard nor table is enumerated, yet of the latter we gather there were several, from the mention of carpets and cloths to cover them. On the other hand, there was abundance of plate—"basons, potts, bolles and gobletts" in plenty; in plenty; standing cups and salts, "clene gylted ovr all"; "xviij sylvr spones of the "COUNTRY LIFE." Two dozen silver trencher plates show that great folk did not have their meat placed on the usual wooden translation.

on the usual wooden trenchers. Altogether it was a most civilised house for its period as regards its architecture, its plan and its equipment, while "xxxt1 spytts gret and were needed to produce the good cheer that Sir John smale " Russell found there on the occasion of the King's visit in

It is noticeable that the priest's room was found to be bare. Mr. Harrison accounts for this by suggesting that "in the year 1542 the priest and his vestments would be concealed." This is not so. Though Henry VIII. had for some years broken with Rome, he held to much of the old trivial. Moreover, the "vestments" tenets and the old ritual. Moreover, the "vestments" were not concealed at Sutton, for a cope of cloth of gold and vestments of embroidered satin and of velvet are openly



THE STAIRCASE RISING TO THE GALLERY.

King Hal, who was not of those who like to be kept

waiting.

We hear of efforts on the part of the Weston family to save Sir Francis. But the King's remarriage might have appeared too outrageously precipitate if the case against Anne had not been made strong and the victims numerous. Besides, importunity under the circumstances might have endangered royal favour, and that was not the way of Sir Richard Weston, who is prominent the next year at the gorgeous christening of the new Queen's son, and at her funeral soon after. For four more years he went on his way undisturbed, transacting with efficiency the King's and his own business, while less prudent heads continued to fall on Tower Hill. Towards the end of 1541 his infirmities grew upon him. He withdrew from official life, and in August, 1542, he was laid to rest in inventoried amid a profusion of "Chapell Stuff," including both pyx and pax, chalice and "sacrynge bell," as well as "a cross wt the pycture of Creste Mary & John clene gylt." All of these were suffered so long as the old King lived, but became anathema under the régime of his son's advisers. Although the Westons appear ever to have held to the older faith, Sutton was in no danger during Edward VI.'s reign, as Sir Richard's grandson, Henry, was a minor, having, as we have seen, been born in 1535. He was therefore

certainly to have been. But he kept his opinions to himself and his conduct free from overt acts, so that, except for an order to search the house for concealed priests, no action was ever taken against him. He lived a quiet life, taking no part in public affairs after 1571, and leaving his sword in the scabbard when his neighbours were under arms at the head of their retainers during Spanish Armada times. Perhaps he was wise. It was an epoch when a man not endowed with the prudence and worldly wisdom of his grand-



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THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

twenty-three years of age when he fought bravely but unavailingly in the war which ended with the loss of Calais in 1558, closely followed by the death of Queen Mary. Under Elizabeth he was knighted, entertained that Queen at Sutton, was Sheriff and Parliamentary representative of his county. All this was in the early years of her reign, before the enmity with Spain and the intrigues in favour of Mary Queen of Scots led to repressive measures against the adherents of the religion of Rome. Of these Sir Henry Weston seems

father, old Sir Richard, might easily lose life and fortune. His father died on the scaffold, while of the relatives of his wife, one of the Arundells of Wardour, Mr. Harrison gives us a list of twenty-one, including both father and mother, who were either attainted or beheaded, or both, during the Tudor reigns. She herself ruled over her husband's household at Sutton in peace and prosperity, and when Zucchero came to England in 1574, and during that and the following three years painted the portraits of Elizabeth and her courtiers,

he produced the full-length canvas of Lady Weston which one of last week's illustrations shows hanging on the east wall of the hall.

With one exception the Westons that followed on as owners of Sutton after Sir Henry's demise in 1592 were quiet country gentle-men, who make no appearance in the page of even local history. The exception was Sir Henry's grand-son, the third Sir Richard, who held the family estates from 1613 to 1652. We know that he was a good deal

abroad, and we hear of a tenant in occupation of Sutton during a considerable part of James I.'s reign. Flanders was at that time a land much favoured by English Catholics, and thither went a land much favoured by English Catholics, and thither went Sir Richard. There he found more than religion to interest him. He found more intensive cultivation, a wider range of crops and, consequently, an improved rotation. He also found—in days when roads were mainly pack-horse tracks—a cheap carriage of heavy goods by means of artificial waterways. All this he determined to introduce on his own estate, and thus he became the pioneer of canalisation and agricultural progress in England. He was the first in this country to use turnips as a field crop. He experimented with new grasses and established clover as a recognised item in our



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

husbandry. Like many past and present enthusiasts on the land question, he held his particular nostrums as providing a universal panacea. published a little tract on the subfract on the sub-ject in 1645, holding it the most worthy legacy he could leave to his sons. "By this little Treatise you shall learn how to do more than treble your principal in one year's com-pass." It was a ourney to Brabant after the outbreak of the Civil War that seems to have opened his eyes The treatise sets out clearly the method of treatment, and that it attracted immediate attention is clear, for the Encyclopædia Britannica tells us that "before 1655

the Encyclopædia Britannica tells us that "before 1655 the culture of clover, exactly according to present method, seems to have been well known in England." Meanwhile the scheme for canalising the Wey from Guildford to the Thames was taking shape. He had begun operations on his own land and brought his neighbours into line before the breach between Charles and his Parliament. As a Catholic Royalist Weston's position in so Parliamentarian a county as Surrey seemed impossible. But canal and clover and not politics occupied him. A temporary sequestration was discharged, and we find him working quietly at home pushing discharged, and we find him working quietly at home pushing

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SUTTON PLACE: THE DINING-ROOM.



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THE NEW SUNK GARDEN.
Showing the old garden house in the north-west corner.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

forward the canal works and inditing his "Legacie," undisturbed by the general clash of arms. It is, however, to be feared that he by no means "trebled his principal." To supply capital, the estate of Clandon was sold to the Parliamentarian Member of Parliament for the county, whose

descendant still holds it. Further sums and whole woods of oak trees he devoted to his pet scheme, and saw the work well forward before he closed his eyes in 1652. The next year the canal, with its ten locks, was open and proved eminently useful and successful. But, as often happens, the profit



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IN THE ROSE GARDEN, LOOKING NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

went to others rather than to the promoter and his family. John, the son and heir, found himself plunged in litigation, and an Act of Parliament had to be passed in 1670 to release him from the encumbrances created on his estate. Fortunately his wife, a Copley of Gatton, was an heiress, and the sale of Gatton, shortly after John Weston succeeded his father, enabled money to be spent on repairs and improvements at Sutton. An Elizabethan diarist speaks of a fire at Sutton three days after the Queen's visit there in 1571. Mr. Harrison infers that this involved part of the north and east sides of the quadrangle and that they were never fully renovated. He therefore describes what followed upon the sale of Gatton as follows: "The eastern wing, which the destruction of the gatehouse by fire had made more or less inaccessible except through the great hall, was probably abandoned as a The western wing, in the original plan the offices, was now converted into the residential part of the quadrangle, and a new quadrangle was built out on the west of it, between the original house and the garden, to serve as offices. purpose it still serves, its modest height and quiet treatment in no wise detracting from the original Tudor work, while its architectural character-passing from Jacobean but not yet reaching the later Renaissance—certainly suggests its erection under the Commonwealth. For the rest, Mr. Harrison's remarks must be taken as conjectural, while the destruction" of the gatehouse is certainly an exaggeration of the results of the somewhat mysterious fire theory, for though the rooms within it may not have been habitable, it was sufficiently complete as far as its exterior was concerned for detail drawings, showing no deficiencies, to be made of both sides before its removal in 1782. To that period we must now come. The last male descendant of old Sir Richard died in 1730, having given to the east wing the gallery and staircase as we find them now, and probably made alterations to the hall. His daughter, Melior Mary Weston, during a long spinsterhood, ruled, with "superior understanding and distinguished virtues," at Sutton until, at her death in 1782, it passed to a distant cousin, John Webbe, who assumed the name of Weston. It was a dangerous age for a sixteenth century house, and the new owner had a strong leaning for "improvements." What he did was bad enough, for he "at once proceeded to pull down the ruinous gatehouse and the whole building that connected the east with the west wing on the north side of the quadrangle," thus destroying the scheme and character of this typical Henry VIII. house. But what he did do was nothing to what he contemplated doing. Two sets of plans survive suggesting alternative treatments, either of which is enough to make our hair stand on end. Every part of the work of Sir Richard Weston was to disappear under a coating of the wildest "Strawberry Hill" Gothic or of the dullest stucco classic. Our feeling of horror is tinctured with merriment when we find these "monstrous proposals," as Mr. Harrison rightly calls them, labelled "suggestions to improve." It may have been his succession to a place in Herefordshire two years after Sutton came to him that, by dividing his attention and interests, saved the old house from what would have amounted to annihilation, and little more happened until the place was inherited by Mr. F. H. Salvin in 1857, who, twenty years later, let the place to Mr. Harrison, The father of the author of the "Annals." The new tenant and his family, as that book shows, took a lively interest in the place, and to the extent of their power and knowledge instituted a course of conservative renovation, which saved it from long neglect and ill-treatment and laid the foundation of its present effective and delightful condition. What the Harrisons began Lord and Lady Northcliffe have continued. The excellent result is made evident by the illustrations, but some description will make the picture more vivid.

The north or entrance side, since the removal of the gatehouse, appears as an open or three-sided court. But the illustration of it which appeared last week clearly shows



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THE GREEN ALLEY OUTSIDE THE WALLED GARDENS.



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SUTTON PLACE: A CORNER OF THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE.

the points of intersection of the original flanking wings of the gatehouse with the east and west sides of the quadrangle, though they are partially masked by tall holly bushes. projection of the octagonal turrets of the gatehouse-which was quite in the manner of that at Layer Marneyof the crowstepped end gables will have given rich shadow effects and a fine sky-line to this north side. Even the gable ends suffered during the eighteenth century, as, except the small top windows, the original tracery was removed and sashes introduced. These still remain to the west, but to the east imitative tracery has been inserted. Much the same occurred all along the east elevation, while the west elevation is masked by the seventeenth century office court. As considerable window alteration has also taken place on the south, none of the exterior elevations is as Sir Richard planned it. The three remaining sides of his quadrangle are, however, intact-mellowed but not impaired by passage of time. Had, therefore, the north side been repaired and not removed, we should have had an absolutely complete example of a finely designed Henry VIII. country house court

Though the foundations remain and careful drawings of the elevations are extant, the question of the rebuilding of the lost side is debatable. The old is entirely gone, and so it would be purely imitative work. On the other hand, the spirit of Henry VIII. forms and proportions, as well as the choice and treatment of materials, is now understood, and, as offering an exceptional "museum piece" and historical document, such a course might be excusable and even meritorious in the case of Sutton.

As regards the interior, it is delightfully picturesque and full of old-world charm. But no single room presents at all the appearance it offered when the 1542 inventory was taken. Where the entrance hall and dining and drawing-rooms are Sir Richard had his offices. As already stated, it is at least probable that his hall was of single storey height, with the "gret Chambere" over. The east wing was partitioned into a series of chambers and did not present a single long room on each floor. The existing staircases date from the eighteenth century, and to adequately light these Mr. F. H. Salvin inserted large stone mullioned windows in 1857, filling them with the heraldic coats of the later Westons.

The stair west of the hall occupies a projection of the south elevation which certainly appears to have been originally designed for a stairway, but this will have been of newel form, lit by low windows at varied levels, as the exterior brickwork still shows by its patching.

When the Harrison occupation began much was ruinous, and careful repairs were instituted. In 1878 the gallery assumed its present appearance, the total length, including the staircase which opens out of it through archways, being 152ft. Jacobean wainscoting and tapestries clothed the walls; the latter were acquired by Mr. Sidney Harrison for the purpose, and are mostly fine Brussels work of the sixteenth century. Additional tapestries of equally early date and excellent quality have been added by Lord Northcliffe. To him is also due the return to habitable condition of the space under the gallery. Here, as the illustration shows, we now have a room of noble proportions, but very simply got up; the ceiling open to the joists, the walls plain, but hung with fine pictures or arranged as sunk bookcases where some of the south window apertures have not been reopened. All these had been blocked up and their old tracery was gone. Several have been opened up again, the terra-cotta work having been entrusted to Mrs. Watts, whose neighbouring factory of garden ornaments is well known. In 1878 new mullioning had been introduced in the east windows of the gallery, but though made from casts and therefore correct, they are harsh in tone and texture. Mrs. Watts, however, has succeeded in giving a certain informality of outline and a lowness and variety of tone which perfectly assimilate her windows to those of Henry VIII.'s time.

The present apt and delightful furnishing is wholly due to Lord Northcliffe—or rather, should we not say, to Lady Northcliffe, who has almost entirely relieved her busy husband of the cares, not merely of housekeeping, but of home making. Not only is her tasteful and informed touch apparent in every room of the house, but the extensive and fascinating gardens are practically her creation, for she found an outlay of very limited scope and extent. West of the office quadrangle lay the old walled gardens, having at their northern intersection an octagon garden house belonging to the earliest period of garden work at Sutton. One of these gardens has lately been laid out in the manner shown in the illustration

The sunk centre has a round pond with Iris Kæmpferi and other water-loving subjects about the marge, while the dry wall which separates the lower and upper levels is broadly treated with colonies of alpines. Tall-growing herbaceous plants fill the wide borders under the walls, and both the old garden house and a new shelter in harmony with it appear in the picture. In the next walled garden fruit and vegetables still hold general sway, but are set back behind broad bands of flowers on each side of the main paths. Here snapdragons and pentstemons—both of pink shades—line the way. There, occasionally half shaded by lichened apple trees of great age, is a rich, broadly handled confusion of phlox and coreopsis, monkshoods and tiger lilies, achillea and golden rod, with dwarfer growths such as nepeta and Sedum superbum near the path.

Passing out south of these enclosures a green alley, suggestive of bowls, runs between another luxuriant herbaceous border and a line of shrubs and trees, up to the open space before the house, whose congeries of roofs and chimneys close in the picture. Of all these features Lady Northcliffe found the elements and has merely rearranged and developed them. But the ample acreage lying south of them down to the line of the river is domain new to horticulture. Cedars and other great trees indeed were there, but the comforting areas of level lawn, out of which rises the grey-red house, the dignified main walk that passes along before the house and leads to the large yew-enclosed spaces of the pond garden and of the rosary, are all incidents of the spacious grouping of sympathetic parts and the careful correlation of charming details that characterise Lady Northcliffe's garden planning. Where she has, perhaps, surpassed even the admirable formal lay-out shown in the illustrations is along the sloring.

the illustrations is along the sloping woodland stretch bordering the Wey which she has developed as a wild garden. The site was encouraging. The plateau on which the house stands continues southward for some 200yds, and then the ground drops but in a tumbled uneven manner, to the much lower level of river and water meadows. An unkempt woodland bank has converted into the picturesque home of ample groups of flowering trees and alpine and border plants. Here, last June, backed by a dense thicket, was rift of blue lupins 40yds. long. Japanese and other primulas were blooming amazingly in large naturalised in the half shade of trees. Dry walls were brilliant with varied alpines, and pools and streamlets were forcing many a water loving plant into strong growth at that droughty time. In late August droughty time. In late August the scene was changed, but again charming. Much planting has been done for form and foliage effect, and therefore pleasure is indepen-dent of bloom, which, in the case of shrubs, is mostly over by that date. But buddleias and ceanothus gave rich blue and purple, and the crimson of wide expanses the China rose, Fellenberg, struck a strong note. A Dorothy Perkins climbing to the summit of a 3oft. rowan tree was still showing its pink clusters. Japanese maples were strong note. at their best and Thumberg's berberis was already assuming its wondrous autumn tints. Of a dark baceous growths, coloured variety of hemp agrimony in mass was very valuable, while sea hollies and red-hot pokers, tiger lilies and montbretias were in their prime. Such a rapid survey can give but a faint impression of the changing yet ever present joy of this fairy domain. It is nearly four centuries since the taste and capacity of Sir Richard Sutton first made Sutton a stately and

desirable home. Equal taste and capacity have now restored its glories and added all that is good in our own age.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

IN THE GARDEN.

TREES AND SHRUBS AS SCREENS.

VERY frequent necessity in these days is the establishment of a screen of vegetation between the house and one or other of the numerous eyesores with which modern civilisation and an industrial age deface the Lucky are those whose lot is cast in the earth. outer suburbs, for instance, if they have escaped the doleful experience of waking some morning to find a row of jerry-built cottages, a factory, or a smoke-stack showing its unwelcome beginnings, where previously a pleasant landscape spread before the eyes. The same problem, however, very frequently presents itself in quite rural districts; there is, perhaps, no subject connected with the planting of trees and shrubs on which expert advice is more often sought. The ideal tree for the purpose of blocking out unsightly objects would be one that is of close habit, evergreen and quick growing. But although there are plenty of evergreens that make perfect screens, such as holly, holm oak, box and yew, they grow too slowly to meet the wants of many people. Life is short and the modern builder is quick. and the middle-aged man is not content, as a rule, to wait twenty, it may be thirty, years for such trees to grow high enough to fulfil their purpose. In such a case, if an evergreen vegetation



E. J. Wallis. A SINGLE LINE OF LOMBARDY POPLARS. Copyright.

This is probably the best tree available for quickly making a narrow screen of deciduous vegetation. To be effectual, however, the trees should be planted in a double row, and need not be pruned to make clean trunks at the base as those in the illustration have been.

be insisted on, reliance will have to be placed on the conifer family exclusively. So far as I know, there is no evergreen broad-leaved tree which, in our average climate, will compete in rate of growth with such things as Douglas fir, common spruce, Corsican pine and its varieties, or Picea excelsa. In country places a plantation of these with Scots fir added will make as quick growing and high a screen as anything. In hot, dry districts, however, neither Douglas fir nor common spruce are reliable. And Pinus excelsa, although it grows a yard a year in suitable places, is not suited everywhere. On the whole, the Corsican pine is, perhaps, the most reliable and unfailing of big, quick-growing evergreens, especially on the outskirts of cities.

Where space is limited, especially as regards width, nothing, I believe, in the conifer family will prove better than the Servian spruce (Picea Omorica) or Lawson cypress. The first of these is proving remarkably well adapted for suburban cultivation; it grows quickly, is of dense growth, and it has a slender pyramidal habit which enables it to be planted closely, say, three rows deep, where a single row only of the conifers mentioned above would have room to develop. In regard to close planting, the same may be said of Lawson cypress, although it does not grow quite so quickly. But when all is said, none of these quite meets the case near towns, where buildings are apt to spring up, so to speak, in a night. Unless the planter is content to wait (and then holm oak and holly together, with the two conifers just mentioned, should be planted), recourse must be had to deciduous vegetation. And that I consider will be found nearly always the best, cheapest and quickest; for a deciduous belt, if wide enough and thickly planted enough, makes a very effectual screen in a few

In considering deciduous vegetation one's thoughts immediately revert to the poplars, and it is on them, indeed, that one must chiefly rely. The very mention of poplars, however, will no doubt cause some interested in this matter to make a wry face. So I hasten to

put myself right by saying I do not include those hybrid poplars which abound to such an extent in the London district and go by such names as Canadian, Black Italian or New Canadian poplars. "Lout" is perhaps an unseemly word to use in connection with any tree, but I know none that quite so well describes these poplars in the young and half-grown state—their coarse, ungainly growth, their grossness of appetite. For the present purpose their one recommendation is rapidity of growth, which amounts to anything up to six feet a year. If a screen must at all costs be obtained in the least possible time, and the width of space for planting is not limited, then the Black Italian or Canadian poplar (Populus serotina) will fulfil the purpose as adequately as anything. But there are other poplars of better breeding and greater distinction than this that may well be used.

In selecting deciduous vegetation, regard must be had to density of branching as well as to quickness of growth. Many trees would serve our purpose when in leaf or, say, for seven months in the year, but fail when in the leafless state through the thinness of their branching. The Black Italian poplar is one of them. For a narrow belt there is nothing that surpasses the ordinary Lombardy poplar, either for density of branch in winter or quickness of growth. The tree itself is cheap and readily propagated by leafless or winter cuttings, and it may be planted in double or triple lines as near as eight feet apart. In passing, it may be noted that a double row planted diagonally (or alternately) is always needed for the formation of a good screen, whatever the species used. Bolle's White Poplar



E. J. Wallis.

A GROUP OF LAWSON CYPRESS.

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Probably the best quick-growing evergreen tree for screening unsightly objects. The largest trees in the group—now about 60ft. high—are about forty years old, but most of them were planted twenty to thirty years ago. Some pines, like the Corsican, may grow in height more quickly than this, but they do not make so handsome a group, and are apt to become naked at the base.

(P. alba pyramidalis) is also a useful tree for a narrow belt, scarcely so fast growing as the Lombardy, but broader in proportion to its height and more pleasing to the eye in summer through showing swift flashes of the silvery under surface of the leaves in a breeze.

The comparatively new balsam poplar (Populus trichocarpa) from Vancouver Island and other parts of Western North America is likely to prove of great value in this connection. A very handsome tree, with foliage bright green above and bluish white beneath, diffusing a balsamic odour in the spring, it is also of splendid vigour. I know a tree that in fifteen years was well over fifty feet high. Then there is that interesting form of black poplar with downy shoots (Populus nigra var. betulifolia), much denser as well as neater in habit than the Black Italian or P. nigra itself. There may also be mentioned the Berlin poplar (P. berolinensis or P. certinensis), a tree of slender columnar growth, very popular in the outskirts of the Prussian capital. Although a hybrid, it exists in both sexes, the male being preferable and growing three to four feet yearly. The grey poplar of the British Isles, a vigorous and handsome tree, is worthy of more notice than it gets, and there may be others, but sufficient has been said to show that the ousting of every other poplar by the Black Italian is not justified.

From their nature, trees with small leaves make a better winter screen than do large-leaved trees, because their branching is closer. A catalpa, for instance, or a magnolia, a walnut, hickory or ailanthus are of little use for a winter screen because their leafy canopy needs proportionately fewer supports. One of the best small-leaved trees is the Wheatley or Jersey elm (Ulmus sarniensis), a tree of pyramidal growth, densely twiggy, and if not rampant like the poplars, still a quick grower. Its habit makes it suitable for close planting. The common birch again has the same merit of density in winter, added to which its unsurpassed grace of habit and its silvery trunk should gain it a place in any screening belt of medium height.

In the foregoing notes the chief consideration in view has been to suggest the best trees for a high screen of vegetationanything, say, from thirty-five feet to sixty feet high. If one of only half that height is needed the object can be attained not only more quickly but with much greater choice of material. Some of the first-class nurserymen can, as a matter of fact, supply deciduous material quite safe to plant up to twelve feet or fifteen feet high. It is only necessary to mention a few to indicate sufficiently the class of tree to plant. In the Prunus tribe the fastest growing is P. Mahaleb, but the double-flowered bird cherry may also be recommended. Mountain ash is useful, and, as uniting attractiveness with quick growth, the following may be noted: Pyrus baccata and P. pinnatifida, Acer dasycarpum and A. platanoides, Æsculus carnea. In places with a climate of moderate mildness, Cupressus macro carpadan Eucalyptus Gunnii are useful evergreen trees, because of their rapid growth. Of a more shrubby type and adapted for outside or front places, the following list is offered: Deciduous-Cotoneaster frigida and C. bacillaris, Genista virgata and G. cinerea, Philadelphus grandiflora and other species (very useful in the dense interlacing mass of branches up to twelve feet high)
Berberis aristata, Cornus alba; evergreen—Cotoneaster buxifolia
(a splendid "block" up to eight or ten feet high), Escallonia
exoniensis, Ligustrum lucidum, Rhamnus alaternus, Elæagnus
pungens.

It sometimes happens that where big trees exist on the outskirts of the garden their lower branches have disappeared, and thus leave open to the view beneath them mean buildings, outhouses, or other unsightly objects beyond. One of the most difficult problems in gardens is the filling up of vacant spaces beneath large trees, especially greedy-rooting ones and those whose canopy is so close as to make heavy shade during the Few shrubs can withstand the lack of moisture and of light. Best of all, undoubtedly, is the aucuba, a plant whose capacity for thriving beneath such trees as horse-chestnut and lime is astonishing. The common privet is good, but better is the oval-leaved one, because it retains its foliage longer. Of dwarf things the butcher's broom is about the best in very dense shade. When the shade is not so deep, as, for instance, under trees like oak and elm (it may sometimes be advisable to remove a lower branch or two to let in light), a greater variety may be got to grow, such as helly, box, pontic rhododendron and common mahonia. But on the whole there is little choice, Such a position is about as evil a one as a shrub can be doomed to live under. If a presentable front of greenery on the garden side can be attained, the planter may well be W. J. B.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SERIES of photographs placed in front of the first volume of the Eirenicon, which Mr. Jesse Collings has published under the title of *The Colonization* of Rural Britain: A Complete Scheme for the Regeneration of British Rural Life (Rural World Publishing Company), may be regarded as the oriflamme under which he began and is now ending his fight for "three acres and a cow." They are, at any rate, eloquent though dumb witnesses of his right to speak. One is of his mother, who, if human lineaments are a sure indication, is rightly described as "a noble peasant woman"; the second shows the one-storied, semi-ruinous thatched cottage at Broadhembury, Devon, in which she was born; the third is that of the author, whose face and general appearance are still as clearly those of a peasant as were Carlyle's—a fact which no garmenting can hide. Finally, comes a row of small thatched whitewashed houses, in which one is indicated by a cross as "his family cottage, Littleham-cum-Exmouth." Therefore, in the person of the author, a peasant by birth is spokesman for the peasantry. If Mr. Collings writes another book we hope it will take the shape of his autobiography. Probably the story of his life, simply told, would do more for his propagandum indirectly than any amount of exhortation. From time to time in the course of this volume many graphic details peep out to show what may lie behind. Thus the grandfather of the author was accounted in his day the finest farm labourer in his district. Long-treasured black letter books and valuable trinkets handed down from one generation to another may he thinks, point to a time when the position of the family was better—that of yeomen perhaps. His father and mother wedded when the wage of the former was only sixteen shillings a week; and Jesse was the youngest of a family of eleven. During childhood one of his tasks was to go for a halfpennyworth of skim-milk every morning. He does not adduce this as a hardship, but to show how much superior was the condition of the peasant of that time as compared with the same class to-day—a milkless generation! Memories of this kind have an unmistakable human interest even though the argument they are meant to support is very weak. Hunger was a spectre always in the background of peasant life until the huge importation of foreign produce so enormously cheapened food stuffs. In other glimpses into his early life, given, be it said, with a pride to be liked and respected, he tells us that he did some rabbiting in his outh and learned the delicate art of handling ferrets. fifteen years he was a commercial traveller, journeying from town to town, not in a railway carriage, but a trap from which he could actually see the crops and the country. He was accustomed to dine at ordinaries with the farmers and meet the labourers in the market-place, ever enquiring into their lives and grievances.

The outcome of it all was his policy, to be strenuously advocated as soon as he entered public life, of "three acres and a cow." But long he preached to deaf ears. In 1886 it was on his motion that the Salisbury Government was defeated and the Liberals came into power. Yet Mr. Gladstone, vigorously as he had spoken in the debate, took no action. Mr. Collings in those days was a voice calling in the wilderness. From the Pisgah height to which he has now mounted he beholds a great change in the popular attitude. Everybody now admits that Hodge has been ill-treated and public men are racing to his succour, each crying as he runs that his special mixture is the only cure-all. Some would nationalise land; others, and it comes to the same thing, would tax the landowner out of existence. Liberalism rushes forward with offers—a minimum wage for the labourer, security of tenure for the tenant, stripes for the landlord. Comes Mr. Jesse Collings, too, with his ancient specific. He does not call it by the same name as of old; but, looked at closely, "occupying ownership" is one and the same thing as "three acres and a cow."

Very fully he states the case in favour of his own nostrum. We have discussed it on many previous occasions and there is little more to add. The magic of ownership is a very taking phrase; but the practical farmer is very conscious of the fact that agriculture in these days requires all the capital that he can command. During the last twelve months the returns from several typical farms of which we have seen the figures ranged from 10 per cent. to 331 per cent, on the capital invested. In each successful case there was an outlay that farmers of an old-fashioned type would consider extravagant. Thorough working, generous manuring, the best seeds and, it may be added, the best labour, are all needed to secure the best results. They mean, among other things, a great outlay of capital, and the farmer is very well aware of the fact that on a huge majority of estates in England the landlord's return is not more than 2 per cent. or 3 per cent. on the capital value. Therefore, he would rather pay this rent and have his money for the outlay on manures and so on, than purchase the land, even on fairly advantageous terms. Ownership may carry with it a certain glamour, but it also involves a liability for the upkeεp of buildings and fences, the provision of cottage accommodation and other responsibilities which cumulatively tend to a serious diminution of the returns.

To-day one is not inclined to renew the old argument; but rather to dwell on the fine and pathetic figure of the politician of eighty-four mounting his Pisgah height and surveying what he fain would deem the Land of Promise, although the landscape is obscured with mist. The patriarch sees at least as much danger as promise, and this deserves all the more attention because he discusses the problem with a complete disregard of the ordinary partisan

points of view. There is much in these volumes that landlords will not like; much more that Radicals will not like. For the writer offers in his person a curious accumulation of principles. He began public life as a Radical and the principles of that creed he has never really forsaken. Without lack of charity, it may be said that loyalty to his leader, Mr. Chamberlain, was the predominant factor in inducing him to change sides. But there are plenty of passages in this book to show that the convictions which grew with his growth are just the same as before. On the other hand, the very fact that he did leave the Liberal benches for the Unionist has cleared his eyes, so that he is able to see better than he ever did before the weaknesses of his old confederates, and many of these he exposes with all his old trenchancy and vigour. The difficulty of the future, however, he recognises to lie in the menace of Socialism, and his last chapter is a grave warning that, unless resolute measures are taken, Socialism will prevail. This is a message which Conservatives and Liberals alike may profitably take to heart.

A NEW BOOK BY HENRI FABRE.

The Life of the Fly, by J. Henri Fabre, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, F.Z.S. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

THE title of M. Fabre's new book is, in a sense, a little unfortunate; not that it can fairly be called unsuitable, but because anyone who is not acquainted with his earlier work on the spider might suppose it to denote a dull and abstruse treatise on the structure and metamorphoses of Musca domestica, replete with scientific terms and wholly devoid of life or humour. In reality, nothing could be further from the truth. In a picturesque style, which will be appreciated by admirers of Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," the author gives us many attractive descriptions not only of the lives and habits of certain true flies, but of wasps, ichneumon flies, caddises and other insects as well. The book contains an interesting chapter on fungi, with notes on the preference shown by larvæ for different kinds. Other matters but distantly connected with entomology are also recorded here, accounts of quaint and humorous episodes of M. Fabre's childhood and of his later career as lecturer and schoolmaster. In dealing with the true flies he shows how much interest may be derived from the observation of a class of insects which is rather apt to be neglected on account of the unsavoury surroundings among which the earlier stages of their existence are passed. Incidentally, too, he furnishes evidence which might be held to justify a defence of such species as the bluebottle and greenbottle, where for every individual which takes a pernicious interest in human property, a hundred others are leading a perfectly blameless existence in the fields and woods, busily removing offensive and unsightly carrion. M. Fabre's book will be read with pleasure vall, young or old, who are interested in natural history and outdoor life.

THE COURTSHIP OF ANIMALS.

The Courtship of Animals, by W. P. Pycraft. (Hutchinson and Co.) THE Darwinian theory of evolution has received much varied treatment in these fifty years since it was first enunciated. Some people have claimed too much for Natural Selection and others too little, so that the ideas of a layman have inevitably become somewhat bewildered, and any attempt to straighten out a part of the tangle is welcome. Mr. W. P. Pycraft is well known as a writer, and the imposing catalogue of his attainments, which are printed on the title-page, is a sufficient guarantee that he is able to treat his subject with knowledge. The purpose of this book is to describe the various crude methods of the expression of "amorousness" (or the attraction exercised on one sex by the other) in animals, from man to spiders; to explain the nature of these different methods in different groups of animals, and to interpret their meaning. In his study of this fascinating subject Mr. Pycraft has attempted to distinguish between those characters and those "displays," which may be attributed to Natural Selection and those which are rightly attributable to Sexual Selection. The interpretation of many se phenomena has been a good deal simplified by the discovery (wrongly ascribed by Mr. Pycraft to Professor Starling) of Hormones. the secretions of certain ductless glands, which play an indirect but important part in the reproductive system and control certain "secondary acters," such as the antlers of deer and the temporary plumage of birds. It is maintained that a sharp line must be drawn between all those characters which are necessary to achieve individual survival and all those which are concerned with the achievement of reproduction and the survival of the race; that is to say, between those characters which are determined by Natural Selection and those which are determined by Sexual Selection. From this brief outline of the purpose of this volume it must not be supposed that the book is a dry exposition of arguments suitable only for a scientific reader. Mr. Pycraft has illustrated his subject with a mass of descriptions of the love-making antics of animals, which will be read with interest and often with amusement by those who have no special knowledge of natural history. In a final chapter on Parthenogenesis the author aims a well directed shot at those modern reformers who preach the uselessness and coming extinction of the human male.

FOR THE REFERENCE SHELF.

Who's Who and the Who's Who Year Book. (Black.)

EACH year Who's Who increases in size, and yet, in spite of its 2,314 pages, it remains a book which is as easily handled as it is indispensable. How necessary it is there is no need to enlarge upon here, as of all the books on the reference shelf it is, perhaps, the one which we most frequently have to consult. The Year Book forms a most useful subject index to Who's Who, as in it are the lists of all the different high official positions with the names of the men who fill them. Thus if one wants to know who is Permanent Under Secretary of State, or Assistant Under Secretary for any particular Government office, one has only to refer to the Year Book, then, having found his name, his record can be immediately seen in the pages of Who's Who.

A MENDIP PLOUGHING MATCH.

N the top of Mendip, a thousand feet above sealevel, there is little room for the plough to run between the wide heather-spaces where barrow and grey boulder stand up against the sky. You may see a lonely team up there going to and fro in a field far off, or you may pass them on the other side of a dry stone dyke, ploughing silently over the stony shallow face of the land. But high up there all the soil's wealth is underground. There is more arable land on the hillside lower down and in the low-lying valleys to north and south, where the soil has been deepened by the deposit washed ceaselessly down the steep slopes by the tempestuous Somerset weather, is the place to see ploughing matches.

The Mendip country is no place for large farms. Cattle

The Mendip country is no place for large farms. Cattle are grazed there, and sheep, and there are many—very many—small proprietors, men who make a living out of a few acres of land, perhaps forty, in the lonely parishes scattered up and down the slopes and spurs of the hill country. Besides these small farmers there is another class of workers of the land; there are men earning a regular wage at mining or hauling or some other trade, who work—and sometimes own—a field or two as a supplementary source of income. This they may use for grazing or for hay, but they often plough it, because they are an agricultural race. Their forefathers in many cases have lived in the same place hundreds of years before them, and the instinct to work the soil is rooted in them deep. That is why a small and homely ploughingmatch got up by small farmers on an outpost of the hills may be better worth watching than the trials on some great farm in the Midlands, with splendid prize horses and the latest improvement in ploughs. Farming of this kind, hampered as it is by numberless disadvantages, may be rough and ready, backward in method, unenterprising, uneconomical, but it stands for independence and it makes character.

There is character enough to be seen in the annual ploughing match that is held "in the spring o' the

year," as they call it here, in one particular village on the edge of the Mendip country. It was held this year on a long red slope rising towards Mendip and the sky, and in green heights beyond the red plough-furrows patches of February snow lay dim among the hollows. thin February mists curling at the bottom of every slope, and heavier mists rising further off in the wide valley; the ground steamed, the horses steamed, the men went up and down in a haze, each team had its aura, shifting elusive colours, as it came and went over the long brow of the hill, where some fifteen teams were at work together. It was a miscellaneous collection, both crowd and competitors. There are few gentry in these parts. Squire was there with his gaiters, mud to the knee; Parson beside him, with bits of hedge tangled in his garments; the Manor House and the Rectory dogs—the only idlers in the parish were being justled and affected by in the parish—were being jostled and affronted by working dogs, there lawfully on business. There were no wealthy farmers trotting on horseback; most of these farmers were ploughing themselves, and the horses not on the field were all at work. There were few women, wives and daughters were busy at home till after dinner, and would come late to see the finish. There were no well groomed horses, no smart dogcarts, such as may be seen in richer counties. The only motors were those of the judges. There was a small crowd of men, absorbed and serious, nearly all of them having father or son or brother ploughing on the field-all having lather or soil or brother proughing on the herd—an these watching, advising, weighing chances, calculating risks with expert judgment, eyeing strange competitors with grudging glances, offering cider at intervals, but refraining carefully from offering good wishes because that tempts ill luck; and there was a rabble of small and miscellaneous boys watching with anxious faces and judicial, compre-hending eyes. There were some forty ploughs at work between the three fields. There were the champions and first-class men—over and under twenty years of age—the tyros, the master-ploughmen and the plough-labourers, the



NOT A LONELY FURROW.

boys—these last in a field apart, ploughing a smaller portion, and also accompanied by an elder, who counselled and gave help when the plough must be turned at the furrow's end. The horses were miscellaneous in pattern and occasionally erratic in figure, some of them fine creatures and well paired, some unevenly yoked—a handsome young horse with a plain but "withy" elder, who could be better trusted with the management of the furrow. An animal of unpretending style and humble appearance may, if experienced and clever, make a better furrow than an unskilled though handsome youngster. The man who guides the plough does not do all the work, and well he knows it, and he guides his horses heedfully by name, and calls them, ingratiatingly, "My dee-ars." Days beforehand horses and ploughs have been making ready for the match. A week before the day the

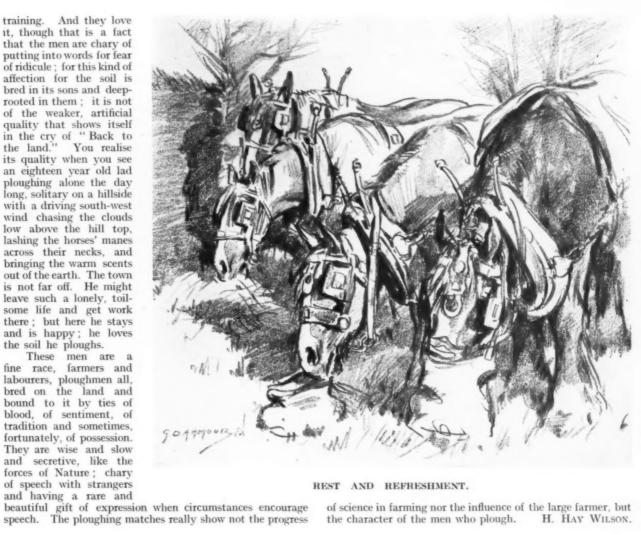
whole family has been busy every evening, cleaning, whetting, setting, polishing, and the plough needs more "trimming" than the horses. These latter are groomed and rubbed and plaited with ribbons and straw, so that mane and tail are tightly twisted, and will not blow loose across the ploughman's line of vision. They are good to see, if you meet them early on the road, neat and steady and serious, like the men who drive them, and treat them friendly-wise. Or at the day's end you may meet them going home again, mud-stained and heavy-footed, with wise, grave faces, nodding as they step, and the ribbons rather splashed; but they and their masters wear the same air of serious contentment and well-being in their work. Both alike are bred to the soil, and understand it, having an inherited cunning in certain of its secrets that takes them far, in spite of their lack of scientific



JUDGING THE "TURNOUTS."

training. And they love it, though that is a fact that the men are chary of putting into words for fear of ridicule; for this kind of affection for the soil is bred in its sons and deeprooted in them; it is not of the weaker, artificial quality that shows itself in the cry of "Back to the land." You realise its quality when you see an eighteen year old lad ploughing alone the day long, solitary on a hillside with a driving south-west wind chasing the clouds low above the hill top, lashing the horses' manes across their necks, and bringing the warm scents out of the earth. The town is not far off. He might leave such a lonely, toilrooted in them; it is not is not far off. He might leave such a lonely, toil-some life and get work there; but here he stays and is happy; he loves the soil he ploughs. These men are a fine race, farmers and

labourers, ploughmen all, bred on the land and bound to it by ties of blood, of sentiment, of



REST AND REFRESHMENT.

of science in farming nor the influence of the large farmer, but the character of the men who plough. H. HAY WILSON.



EXPERT CRITICISM.

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THE GREEN.

By Horace Hutchinson and Bernard Darwin

GOLFING MIMICRY.

HE photographs of Duncan imitating the swings of Vardon and Taylor, by which his article of last week was illustrated, showed him to be possessed of quite remarkable powers of mimicry; nor is his repertory by any means confined to these two impersonations. for he can render with equal fidelity the famous "pigtail" flourish of Massy, the imposing body sway of Herd, as future photographs will, I hope, testify. These pictures make one wonder as to the exact practical value of this power of imitation. To Duncan it has no doubt been valuable, for though he has a genius for the game which is his own, he has confessedly and palpably modelled some of his methods on those of Harry Vardon. Yet even in his case the valuable power is probably not so much that of imitating as of analysing the styles of his models. It so happens that he has the knack of making himself look like other people, but it is more to the point that he can really see what they do and not merely, as is the case with most golfers, retain a hazy vision of what they seem to do; also by a combination of instinct, experiment and honest, hard

thinking, knows what is the result of that which he has seen.

For most of us, who have neither this clear vision nor this genius for painstaking, golfing mimicry is not much more than a pleasant parlour trick; that assuming that we are capable of it, which, as a rule, we are not. We may feel that we are giving a beautiful and exact rendering just as. in our more fatuous moments, we may appear to ourselves to be telling a Scotch story with

right intonation; but as no Scotsman will have an idea what language we are talking, so no golfer will know whose style we are copying. He will only know—if, indeed, he sees any difference at all-that we are contorting ourselves into even more grotesque shapes than is our wont. Looking at the matter from a savagely practical point of view, we too often begin our imitations at the wrong end. The follow-through is the easiest part of the swing to study, because the player remains in the same attitude for a perceptible fraction of time, but the follow-through is but the result of various antecedent movements properly carried out. If our up-swing is not on the same lines as that of the model, it is of no use to finish in his way; nay, it is likely to be actually harmful, because we thus divert our swing from its natural end. Take, for example, that most characteristic finish of Taylor's, which Duncan, making due allowance for difference of build, rendered so admirably. If we deliberately try to finish our swing with the left toe cocked in the air, we may confer on from lurching forward; but as it is a hundred to one that our up-swing is quite unlike that of the Open Champion, little lasting good can accrue. And for an ordinarily flaccid and feeble creature to copy a man with tremendous wrists and forearms is usually futile; he may learn to swing very well, but Nature never meant him to punch, and will resent the interference with her intentions.

Taylor affords a particularly marked example of the almost inimitable; but look for a moment at Vardon, another almost inimitable; but look for a moment at vardon, another very strong man, but not possessed of an essentially strong man's style. How many of the thousands who have watched him have ever observed the fundamental peculiarity that Duncan points out, namely, that he begins by taking back the hands on the same level with the club-head? And, supposing they have observed it, what is their chance of successfully service that its unique. assimilating into their own systems a feature that is unique among first-class golfers? Again, it is no manner of use merely to flourish the club over the top of the head unless one appreciates the fact that this "twiddle" is Massy's natural way of getting his club-head in the right position for his hook, and, granted these premises, the result will generally be disaster. Imitation must only be indulged in on sane and moderate lines, and with a full understanding of exactly what is being imitated. When once the monkeylike stage of



MR. EVELYN LUCAS.

watcher becomes. if one may say so, soaked in smoothness till it reacts upon the swing. To be egotistical, I remember on one occasion having a wholly lost sense of rhythm and timing restored by watching Braid. In this case it was not the swing, but the waggle that proved inspiring. In the middle of his waggle Braid gives the club-head an extra shake, at once curious and menacing, and the consequent pause, very slight but quite perceptible, seemed to bring back to my mind, bemused with theories, the idea of a pause, ever so slight, at the top of the swing. Straightway I sought a club and a ball, of the swing. and, behold, the art of timing had come back, and stayed with me, for some while. But when timing departed again, that particular piece of magic was powerless to bring it back. It had served its turn.

B. D.

MR. EVELYN LUCAS.

MR. LUCAS is the hon, secretary at Swinley Forest, and watches over that truly admirable course with the tenderest solicitude. He used also to play at Ascot and at Sunningdale, and no doubt he does so still sometimes, but his heart is probably at Swinley. Certainly it is a course that affords a great excuse for a romantic passion, for not only is the place a most charmingly pretty and peaceful one, but the golf is just as good and exciting as it can be. There are those who think that one or two of the greens are a little exacting, and one, the fifteenth, is probably to undergo some change; but it possesses many superlatively good holes. Mr. Colt has probably devised nothing quite so good, and that is intended for very high praise. Although still very young,

the course is in fine order for playing, and for this it has Mr. Lucas in a large measure to thank. When he is not looking after putting greens, Mr. Lucas can, and does, play a sound, reliable "scratch" game, and has often done

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

description of this mouse is contained in a letter of Gilbert

White, written in 1767 to Thomas Pennant, in which he says: "From the colour, shape, size and

manner of nesting. I make no doubt but that the species is nondescript. . . They never enter houses; are carried into

ricks and barns

sheaves: abound in harvest; and build their nests amid the straws of the corn above ground, and

thistles.

Formerly the nests of harvest

and they are seldom found in

crops nowadays.

The most usual situation of their nests is in the

tangled herbage along the sides of fields and in ditches, among the heads of

thistles and sometimes in reeds. The winter nest is a more solid

structure, it is made of mosses and is com-pletely closed.

Sometimes they enter hay ricks

in the winter

summer nest is about the size of orange, made of grass, corn blades or split leaves of reeds c u n n i n g l y woven together.

The

mice were commonly found in standing corn, but the close cutting reaping machines played havoc with them

XCEPTING the lesser shrew, the smallest British mammal is the harvest mouse. The length of its body is about two inches, and of its tail about a quarter of an inch longer. The colour of the back and quarter of an inch longer. The colour of the flanks is yellowish brown, and underneath it is almost pure white. The white. The earliest English



THE HARVEST MOUSE.

round, metimes in They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little round nest, composed of the blades of grass or wheat." In a later letter Gilbert White says: "Two of them, in a scale, weighed down just one copper halfpenny, which is about the third of an ounce avoirdupois: so that I suppose they are the smallest quadrupeds in this island."



SUMMER NEST.

and keep warm in large companies together. The harvest mouse is fairly abundant in the Southern Counties of England, and is very rare in Scotland; in Wales and Ireland it is unknown. The food consists of seeds and the tender shoots of young leaves and also insects. No doubt many harvest mice fall victims to hawks and weasels.

DEATH OF MAJOR BARRETT-HAMILTON.

DEATH OF MAJOR BARRETT-HAMILTON.

We have to record with deep regret the death of Major G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, which occurred on the island of South Georgia on January 17th. At present the Colonial Office has received no particulars of this melancholy event beyond the cabled statement that he had died suddenly of heart failure. It will be remembered that Major Barrett-Hamilton was despatched some months ago by the Colonial Office on a mission to enquire into the excessive destruction of whales in the Southern Atlantic round South Georgia and the South Shetlands. The death of this most accomplished naturalist in the prime of life will be greatly mourned, his talents as a zoologist as well as his personal qualities having gained him a wide circle of admirers and friends. His big work on "British Quadrupeds" which has been appearing in parts during the last few years is still incomplete, but Mr. Martin C. Hinton, who is well qualified for the task, will see the remaining parts through the press. Many of the illustrations for this work were drawn by the late Dr. Edward A. Wilson before he left for the Antarctic. Now, alas! both the author and the artist are no more.

O. G.

A RARE ANTELOPE.

There has arrived at the Zoological Gardens a female of the pygmy antelope (Neotragus pygmæus) from the Gold Coast,



W. S. Rerridge THE SMALLEST ANTELOPE IN THE WORLD.

the first living example that has ever been exhibited here. "It is the smallest of all living ruminants, standing about ten inches at the withers; that is, about the size of a fox-terrier. The horns in the male are minute, and are slender spikes running straight back in the line of the forehead. It has been known to science since 1704, when the Dutch traveller, Bosman, described it in his History of the Gold Coast, stating that it was called the King of the Harts by the natives, and since then it has usually been referred to as the "Royal antelope" by English writers."

MR. PONTING'S KINEMATOGRAPH.

The Antarctic kinematograph scenes now being exhibited at the Philharmonic Hall by Mr. H. G. Ponting, appear, if we may judge by the enthusiasm of his audiences, to have a fascination for everyone, young or old; and especially they appeal to all of those who are interested in natural history. Perhaps the most remarkable series of pictures is that which shows the Weddell's seals lying basking on the ice-flows, clambering clumsily over rocks (in strange contrast to the active movements of sea lions), rocks (in strange contrast to the active movements of sea lions), suckling their young, fighting, diving and coming out of the water through holes in the ice to sleep in the sunshine. In this last scene Mr. Ponting has made an interesting observation—it is admirably shown in the kinematograph—which, we believe, admirably shown in the kinematograph—which, we believe, has never been made before. The ice is thick, and the hole in it through which the seal must emerge is very narrow; the seal springs from the water as far as he can, but not far enough to be able to reach the level top. In this position he proceeds to dig a wide furrow in the ice by scraping with his front teeth from side to side. Thus he makes a firm "foothold" (if one may use the term) for his flippers and a rough surface which prevents his body from slipping downwards. Having hauled himself up to the first furrow, he repeats the process a few inches higher, and so on until he is clear of the hole. The front teeth of the upper jaw are worn down quite flat as a consequence of this work. These seals are constantly harried by packs of voracious killer-whales, whose manœuvres are well shown in another scene. Not less fascinating is the series of pictures showing a female McCormick's skua settling upon her eggs; then the eggs are seen to be chipped by the young one within, and finally the young bird casts off the remnant of shell and stretches and dries itself. Among the many excellent scenes of Adélie penguins, skuas are Among the many excellent scenes of Adélie penguins, skuas are seen in no less than four pictures to come down and snatch up

penguins' eggs that had been left unguarded. In all cases this happened within a few feet of the camera, and it must be remem-bered that the thermometer was always many degrees below zero, so we may imagine with what patience Mr. Ponting pursued his task of obtaining these absolutely unique pictures. Even after making allowance for the comparative tameness of the animals in those regions, the results obtained are as good as, or better than, any that we have seen of moving animals photographed in the comfortable conditions of an English summer. Very few of us will ever have a chance of seeing these animals in Nature, but we have in this exhibition an excellent substitute.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FARM LABOUR AND HALF-HOLIDAY

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—With regard to your leading article and " J. C.'s" letter, the question is not one to be settled lightly, and the North and South of Northumberland are absolutely different as regards conditions and pay of labour, and in some cases farming. In the North of the county I pay ploughmen 18s, to 19s per week, house free, coals lead, 1,200yds, of potatoes and three bushels of The girls I pay 11s, per week and 3os, for harvest. In the South of the county I pay ploughmen 22s. and stockmen 23s., with house, coals lead, 1,000yds. of potatoes and 20s. for harvest. The women will not work in the South. Now, the reason of higher pay in the South is that owing to the collieries and shipyards offering shorter hours and good pay, the agricultural labourer receives the increased wage and extras to compensate. If he is to have a half-holiday weekly, then, in equity, his wage should be less. To get to the practical side of the question, apart from whether or no he is paid for what he does not get at present, the question arises as to how a farmer who goes in for milk production—and many do in South Northumberland—is to get his cows milked? Many farms I know well milk forty to seventy cows, is well known that a cow gives her milk best to the man who her. If the milkers are to have a half-holiday, who is to milk? Milkers are not plentiful. Some may say, "Pay extra"; but the farming trade does not admit of much extra, and I submit the milkers are already paid extra because of the fact that it is, and has been, recognised that the worker is unable to have the freedom of others. I do not know how the Learchild tenants manage about feeding fat cattle, or if their byreman does not get his half-holiday. Cattle are best fed by one man, who knows each beast, and the beast Does the shepherd get his half-holiday, and, if so, who looks after a Does the farm steward get his, too? Wages up on the Borders and in the Learchild district are lower than nearer the pits and large towns, and the case could be met there, no doubt, by increase of pay in lieu where, from a practical point, a half-holiday was not feasible. I would add that in the South of the county the hinds get a holiday for all local shows, ploughing days, and hiring days, and when they want to get away specially it is usually arranged.-AGENT.

MEDIÆVAL ICONOGRAPHY

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—I am not sure that I follow the argument of Mr. St. John Hope's letter.

From his references to Salisbury and to the "five sisters" at York, he seems to have in mind the early grisaille "pattern" glass. There is no suggestion that such glass had any didactic purpose. Of "picture" glass of the medallion type there is, of course, comparatively little surviving in England. It may be seen at Canterbury and elsewhere; but it is only natural that it should for the most part have been swept away by the zeal of reformers, while the "pattern" glass was allowed to remain. In Catholic France the thirteenth ntury medallion windows survive in many of the cathedrals, and they can best be studied in Chartres, Bourges or Le Mans. The treatment of the windows in panels, or medallions, seems to have originated in the natural partitioning of the opening by the crossbars, occurring at short intervals, to which the leading was fastened for support. For our present purpose the important point is that the richly coloured figure subjects contained in the various medallions of a window are links in the exposition of a central religious idea, to which the window as a whole is devoted. I have given in "British Cathedrals" an analysis of the medallions of one actual window, and one cannot so trace the connection of the subjects illustrated in the various compartments, exemplifying the central idea from different points of view, without receiving an excellent and impressive sermon. When one becomes alive to the close and coherent exposition embodied in these windows, ne cannot but believe that they were designed for expository purpose JOHN WARRACK.

FIELD-FARING WOMEN IN BEDFORDSHIRE.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."]

Sir,—Referring to your leader ventilating the very important subject of women labour on the land, may I mention some points with regard to Bedfordshire? Here woman labour is in full swing. How long it has been so I cannot say, but many of the old people (and middle-aged, too) remember the time when straw-plaiting was booming here, and farmers were at their wits' ends to find workers, as even men did the straw-plaiting. Numbers of Scottish farmers have come down here, bringing with them their own customs, their own hours for working, and even their own pattern of implements. Now there are bitter complaints from the men at the way the women take their work while they have to stand idle at the corner of the streets. The farmers say that the women like it, and, besides, that they are cheaper—so they employ them. Thus, any day one may see parties of women in the fields in all weathers, doing every variety of hard work which a market garden district demands. Over each gang, I am told, is placed a man with a stick, which he uses when he considers it to be necessary! The women themselves delight in being free from the drudgery of house work and in being able to earn a little money themselves to spend as they like—even at the cost of a worn-out constitution and a possible tumour or two. As to their houses, they are locked up all day and the children in the streets. When the women come home there is nothing cooked, and tinned meats are resorted to and quantities of pickles, and bread. Day after day this unhealthy life is followed, and the decrepit old people here testify to the ultimate results. Girls will not submit to service, but they may go "as a favour" to help in someone's house in the slack season between field work. No doubt this is one of the reasons why the housing conditions of Bedfordshire are so bad. The bedraggled buildings which strew the Bedfordshire roads are exactly typical of the social and expromis conditions under which the community are reared. of the social and economic conditions under which the community are reared. eke out their existence, and finally quit without regret! It is certainly full time that the Bedfordshire housing conditions were improved, and then perhaps the women would return to their homes, and a good public opinion spring up and inculcate sounder principles of life. May we hope that before long these shortcomings will be met by a strong and healthy movement of reform !—M. B.

THE NEW BRIDGE AND THE OLD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Antiquarians will be very glad to hear the announcement that the route of the new Border Bridge which is to cross the river Tweed at Berwick will be situated between the railway bridge and the old Border Bridge, crossing over from Tweedmouth to Bankhill, near Golden Square. It is to be earnestly hoped that the arrangement will enable the beautiful old Border Bridge, of which I enclose a photograph, to be spared.—
A. H. ROBINSON, Derwent House, West Ayton S.O., Yorkshire.



THE OLD BORDER BRIDGE, BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

A REMARKABLE CLYDESDALE.
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Not often does one chance upon a horse possessing the extraordinary dimensions of that shown in the accompanying photograph. This individual,



IS THIS A RECORD?

in the possession of Mr. Kirk, Leith, stands 19h. 21in. high at the shoulder, as against the 16h. of an average Clydesdale. His proportions are wonderfully well suited to his height, and it is remarkable that in spite of his bulk his action is as free as that of a lighter animal, and his trotting is extraordinarily light and graceful. The size of such an unusual creature has forced upon him a life of leisure. He was country born and bred, but in the country no cart could be found large enough for him, and he was transferred to town with lorry work in view. But, even so, new harness would have to be made for his convenience. It adds to the interest of his event to know that his parents were of ordinary size—the mare 16h., the stallion about 16½h.—and that his full sister is also an average Clydesdale of 16h.—James Ritchie.
[It is a pity that Dr. Ritchie did not obtain a better photograph of this

extraordinary animal. If the groom had been in line with the horse and not so near the camera, their relative heights would have been more correctly represented .- Ep.]

SOME BUILDING FIGURES OF FIFTY YEARS AGO. [To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,—I enclose a paragraph relating to building of cottages. As this is at the present time a topical subject, I thought probably these lines might be of use to you. They are taken from an old number of the Journal of Agriculture, fifty years ago: "Good brick cottages, on the model of those erected by Lord Dacre on the farm of Mr. Samuel Jonas in Essex, have been built on the estate of Mr. Fordham at Therfield, and deserve special notice, when the subject of cottage building is under consideration. They are in groups of three, with common bakehouse oven and pump; each cottage has three bedrooms and two rooms below, besides the usual offices. They were built by Mr. James Jacklin of Royston at a cost of £225 the group, or £75 each, and for neatness of appearance and convenience of arrangement are superior to any we have hitherto known to be completed at such a price. Covered homesteads have been erected by the same builder at Kelshall with cheap and durable roofs of corrugated iron, a material almost as light as glass and therefore requiring very

slight scantlings for support. Homesteads, entirely or nearly covered, may reasonably be expected to pay interest on the cost of their erection, more especially where straw is valuable, since the saving in litter is only surpassed by the greater gain from the superior quality of the dung oroduced." — D. G. GUNNELL.

> PACE OF PEREGRINE'S FLIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR.] SIR.-I should be much obliged if one of your hawking could inform me

whether there is any reliable information as to the pace of flight of the peregrine. I have been taken to task for the suggestion that it might be possible for one of the peregrines nesting on the Sussex sea-cliffs to fly thence to Ashdown Forest, in the more northern part of the same

county, in five minutes. As a matter of fact, I used this phrase "five minutes" quite loosely, and as a mere equivalent to an inconsiderable period of time; but, having been so taken to task, and beginning to make the calculation, it hardly seems to me that it would be of necessity far amiss. Herr Gatke has placed the flight of certain birds on migration at over two hundred miles an hour-I think that 207 was the exact figure that he made out, Later estimates have divided that rate of speed by two, bringing it down to a hundred miles an hour, and, even so, perhaps it was an outside measure of the pace. But the average speed of a bird on a long migration flight is probably no more comparable to what might be attained in a short burst than the average pace of a Marathon race is to that of a hundred yards sprint, The peregrine is a fine flier, and if we take Herr Gatke's rate as that which it is capable of accomplishing in a short burst, we find that it just about would bring the bird to Ashdown Forest from the southern cliffs of Sussex in five minutes. But I should be very glad to hear whether the pace of the peregrine, when it was really "trying," has ever been measured successfully. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

FLOWERS OF THE SAND. [To the Editor of "Country Life."]

SIR,-It may interest some of your readers to learn that the Desert is not six,—It may interest some or your readers to learn that the Desert is not entirely the waste wilderness of sand that it is often imagined to be. It is quite possible in Egypt to go beyond the pale of ordinary cultivation and find many plants of great beauty springing from apparently nothing but sand. True, one must know where to go to find them at their best, and the best time of year for that purpose. Most of such plants, as one might expect, are bulbous, and are to be found in early spring—spring in Egypt being much earlier than in England. Some distance from the coast in the West of Egypt, in parts usually called the beginning of the Desert, I have found asphodels, narcissi, lilies and other like plants growing in great abundance. But the most charming are the numerous varieties of anemones, red, yellow, blue (of every shade) and white. The smaller of the two photographs shows a group of these flowers, mainly red and yellow and crosses between them,



WIND-FLOWERS OF THE DESERT.

and was taken at a distance of about two and a-half yards. The larger photograph shows a patch, about seventy square yards in area, literally covered with anemones of the most delicate pale blue imaginable. From what I have seen, they usually grow in such patches, though not usually so large as this

one was, while isolated specimens are found between. the benefit of those who think that the slight cultivation to which certain parts of the Western Egyptian coastlands intermittently subject may have something to do with the growth of these flowers, I would add that I have found others of thes varieties, and still more of a variety of crocus, growing in and that has never known any form of cultivation. — F. H. BROOKSBANK, Sidi Gaber, Egypt.

P.S.-To avoid misconception, let me say that for a short distance



SEVENTY SQUARE YARDS OF BLUE ANEMONES.

inland from the coast in Western Egypt, the land is covered in places with a thin layer of light soil, hardly distinguishable from the desert sand. The best specimens of flowers, at least of anemones, I have, however, always found in rocky and sandy places, where apparently there is no soil at all.-F.H.B.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."] -I am sending you with this a photograph of two ferrets and a rat which are living together on very friendly terms. The curious thing is that I put the rat in with the ferrets six months ago, expecting they would kill and eat it. Instead of that, the ferrets and the rat became great friends and now eat and drink together. This is still more remarkable, as we frequently work the ferrets for ratting.— WALTON COOMES, White Hart, Reigate

WITCHES' BROOM OR MOP.

[To the Editor of "Country Life."] Sir,—These fairly common tree growths are known under various folk-names. I knew them in one part of Derbyshire as "witchmops," so called because their appearance is like a mop-head. The children called them "crow-nests" if near the top of a tree; "fug-bushes" if on the lower part of a tree. They were mostly seen on birch, and hawthorn trees in open spaces, and hawthorns in big old hedges. Another name was "devil'smat," and as mats they were cut and laid

by the side of the house door on which to wipe clogging mud from one's shoes; in fact, they were used in the same way as gorse bushes.—F.

[A photograph of a very fine spruce "witches' broom" will be found in the Correspondence columns of our issue for January 24th. It is interesting to hear that they are used in some parts of the country.-Ep.]

THE CHILDREN'S BULB SHOW.

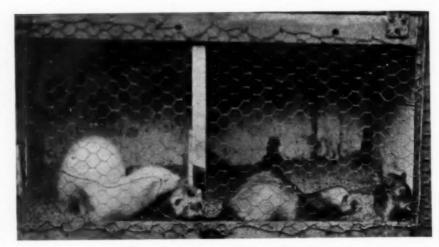
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

-We wonder whether you would allow us to appeal to your readers of behalf of a Bulb Show which has been started this year in connection with many of the North Lambeth schools and several mothers' meetings, clubs and guilds. In all 1,740 bulbs have been sold to the competitors at cost price, and now we are faced with the difficulty of raising money for the prizes. is very difficult to do this locally, as the neighbourhood is a very poor one,

and for this reason we wondered whether possibly any of your readers who are interested in flowers would be willing to help us. We might add that the children and other competitors are taking the very greatest interest in their bulbs, and that we should gratefully acknowledge even the smallest of donations.—
O. Butler and M. V. Ewbank, Hon. Secs., Lady Margaret Hall Settlement, 131, Kennington Road, S.E.

FARM BUILDINGS AND SEEMLY DESIGN

[To the Editor of "Country Life."] Sir,—I hope that you may be able to extend your campaign for cottages of seemly design your campaign for cottages of seemly design to the farm buildings which are being provided for small holders by the County Councils. The two photographs which I send show such buildings, which have been put up by the Dorsetshire County Council in Winterbourne, Zelston. The village is a very charming one. The church, stream, old cottages and elm trees are Dorsetshire at its best; but the beauty of the place has been ruined. It is bad



FERRETS AND A RAT LIVING HAPPILY TOGETHER, AT THE WHITE HART STABLES, REIGATE.

enough when private owners do such things, and we are entitled to expect omething better from the county authorities .- A. H. Clough.

A LITTLE DEVONSHIRE TROUT STREAM

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A short account of a little Devonshire brook, in which I fish, may be of interest as an illustration of what good feeding will effect even in the smallest of waters. The rivulet divides itself naturally into an upper and lower water. A road bridge over the stream is the boundary line. water is nowhere more than three yards wide, and that only where it broadens into pools. Two yards is about the average width. Flags, wild celery and watercress nearly obliterate the water in late summer, but the bed is cleared out every winter by the farmers through whose land the brook runs. The lower water is fairly deep, as much as three feet and three and a half feet in



ERECTED BY THE DORSETSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL IN WINTERBOURNE.

the pools. The upper water is much smaller, and also shallower. The luxuriant watercress provides a plentiful supply of freshwater shrimps, and the trout are consequently pink-fleshed. The

brook is, of course, too small to fish with anything but worm, and the banks are so open that it is often a matter of difficulty to present the bait without being seen. The lower water is about a quarter of a mile in length, the upper about half a mile. I fished the upper water only during May and June, the lower in July and August, 1913. Thirty-four trout, weighing fib. 202., or an average of six to the pound, were taken in the upper water, and forty-seven, weighing 25lb. 1302., or an average of 8\{\frac{1}{2}}\text{oz.}, in the lower. The two best fish among the former were goz. and 7 oz.; six of those caught in the lower water were from 1lb. to 1lb. 3 loz., while there were six more of \$1b, to 150z. I saw one trout which looked quite 2lb., but he had a very large head, and the fish begin to get slightly hooked in the lower jaw after reaching a pound. All the trout caught, however, including those of a pound or over, were in perfect condition.

Although fly-fishing is out of the question, worming a brook of this kind is very good sport.

As the water is clear, fine tackle has to be used. and the three-quarter-pound trout are very violent when hooked. I have had a fish jump clean out on to the grass and back again into the water before I could get hold of him. I have several times had my cast broken by trout dashing into weed beds before I could get them: under control. I think the above account illustrates the possibilities of small streams, with abundant food.—Fleur-de-Lys.



A CORNER OF THE DESECRATED VILLAGE.